THEDA BARA EDITED THIS SPECIAL VAMPIRE NUMBER

MOVIE WEEKLY

JUNE 2, 1923

TEN CENTS

Why A Prudish Girl Can't Be Popular
by CLAIRE WINDSOR

How Women Lure Men
by
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

Theda BARA

No. 17 **MOVIE WEEKLY** Vol. III
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CHINESE BANDITS INSPIRED BY OLDTIME MOVIE

A Revelation

From far-off Shantung, China, where recently occurred an act of lawlessness that startled the civilized world, comes word that the hold-up of the Shantung-Peking express by Chinese bandits, was directly inspired by an old-time Western movie.

So true to the form of the ancient thriller, in which masks and gun play figured so prominently, did the Chinese bandits run, that their procedure in first holding up the Shantung express train and then abducting its passengers, among whom were many prominent Americans, could not have been more like a movie than if it had been originally planned as one.

Information to the effect that the Chinese bandits had learned the technique of their lawlessness from an old-time Western thriller, has just reached the Movie Weekly office, with the result that the entire facts in the case of this extraordinary outlawry will be presented to our readers in next week's issue.

If you would know how a certain Chinaman, attending a motion picture theatre in Shantung, conceived the idea of the train hold-up and abduction through seeing an old-time two-reeler, then read our next number.

In publishing this story, Movie Weekly seeks only to publish the news and forestall whatever critics the movies may have in censorship circles by pointing out that the picture which is said to have inspired the hold-up was one of ancient vintage rather than the high order of screen production of the present day.

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Other Features

In the first rank of next week's contents, which we confidently predict will surpass any we have thus far given our readers, will be the following outline of stories.

An interview with Ruth Roland, the well-known and popular screen star, in which the heroine of countless serial thrillers is revealed in a new light—that of a charming and beautiful woman. In explaining why so many modern marriages come to grief, Miss Roland declares that "young people don't take marriage seriously enough."

"Finger-printing the Stars to Foil Impostors" will constitute another jewel in the crown of our next issue, portraying the modern methods employed by the large film companies to protect their screen stars from unscrupulous impostors.

"What Is Charlie Chaplin's Secret of Fascinating Women?" His old sweethearts will tell in our next issue, that will also include "Why New York's Opinion of Movies Is Now Worthless," by Samuel Goldwyn, in which the well-known producer discloses why a picture may do well in New York and fail outside.

In addition there will be an unusual number of interviews with stars and stories on screen plays and players of interest to the fans.

Don't miss next week's issue.

This Week's Cover

Needs no introduction. It is the portrait of a very famous lady who was once known wherever pictures were shown as Theda Bara. Could we say more?

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Famous MOVIE VAMP Plays New Role—that of EDITOR

Theda Bara, *world renowned creator of the screen vampire,* *visits* **the editorial office of Movie Weekly and** *is editor for a day*

By **David A. Balch**

Theda Bara consults *John R. Coryell* (left), Fiction Editor, and *Fulton Oursler,* supervising chief of *Macfadden Pub., Inc.*

PST!
"Gladys!
"Howard!
"Alma!

"Hi! Look! There's Theda Bara! The famous screen vampire! Yes, yes! In the red suit! With the white fur! And she's coming this way! Steady! It's only we men who have anything to tremble over, for Theda's specialty, in the days when she was a screen vampire, was men—weak men—men with no gimp to withstand feminine wiles, who . . .

"How do you do, Miss Bara!" and a moment later we were shaking hands with the greatest movie vampire the screen has ever known. We are not likely to forget it soon, either.

Our first appreciation of Theda Bara was a somewhat vicarious one. We knew a girl who was young enough, and impressionable enough to have "fallen" for Miss Bara and her vampire stuff about as heavily, we imagine, as was possible at the time, and this, when you consider how really stupendous her popularity was a few years back, is saying a great deal. With it came anecdotes of a quaint kind that related how Miss Bara "just begged" to play other parts and of how once, when children in the street recognized her and called "Vampy! Vampy!" she, Miss Bara, "went right home and just *cried!*"

LATER, by a year or so, we saw the fair object of all this for the first time, in a screen version of Camille, in which we thought her really excellent, despite a physique that rather belied the tradition of her consumptive tendencies.

And then, as we have stated, we met the renowned Theda the other day when she came up to the offices of Movie Weekly, after a four years' retirement from the screen, and edited this publication with all the *verve* and *eclat* that she once put into her roles as a screen vampire, and that was nothing if not a very great deal.

Dressed in red—a color not unsymbolical, we thought, of all the daughters of sin she had once so ably portrayed upon the screen, Miss Bara burst upon us in all her wonder, and we are still tingling from the experience.

"Miss Bara!" we said as we were introduced, and she just gave us her hand and smiled.

BUT in that smile, like summer lightning across a darkened landscape, lay revealed the magnetic past of Theda Bara and the magical solution of how she was all she had been. She smiled and we knew instantly *why* she was Theda Bara. That was all.

She made a peach of an editor, too. Years ago, when she was fighting her way upward to "Theda Bara" in electric lights, she must have acquired the flash judgment and sixth sense of values that is often necessary in editing a weekly publication, if one is to keep out of jail and the long reach of a horsewhip.

"I don't like this story!" she exclaimed, as she went over a huge pile of manuscript. "The writer has put too much of himself into it. Not only this, but he appears to have lost control of the English language."

Nor, when we had coldly explained to her that it was *our* story, did she waver from her position one solitary jot. An editorial decision was an editorial decision.' Selah!

Theda Bara in the act of inspecting some manuscripts, with *David A. Balch,* editor (at nearly all other times) of *Movie Weekly.*

AND that is how she worked. Manuscripts and photographs were shuttled through with unerring precision, and we had to step some to keep up with her. She kept Mr. Coryell, the fiction editor, and Mr. Oursler, our boss, stepping, too. So exhausted, in fact, had the latter become from the day's activities that his eyes, when this picture was taken, wearily closed.

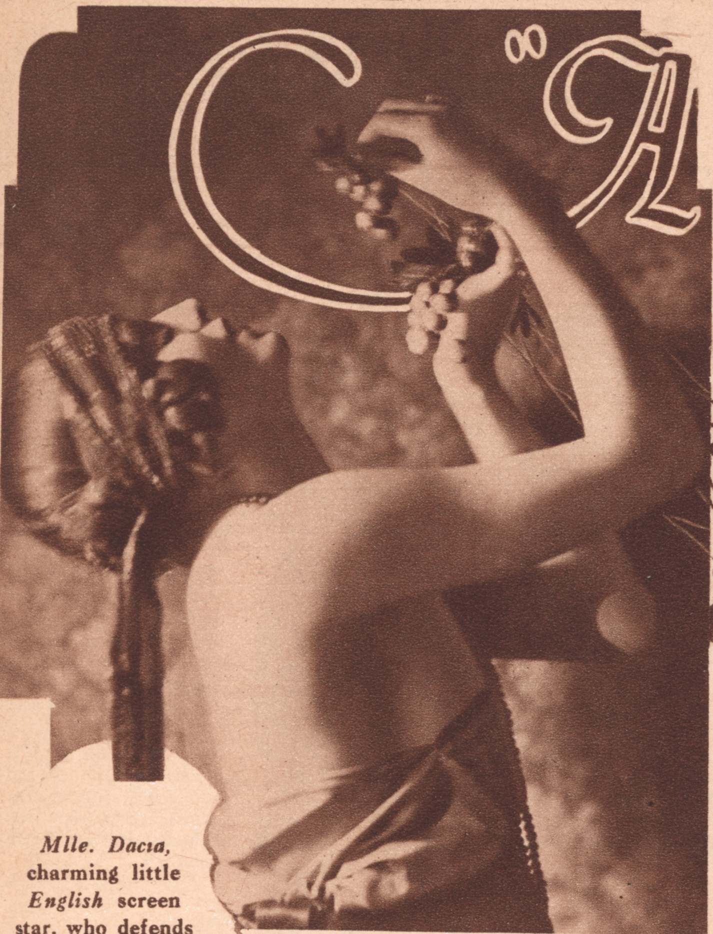
And do you wonder at it? Those who can recall the tremendous vitality which Miss Bara used to radiate in her screen characterizations, will understand how her energy as an editor, found its outlet—to the discomfiture of those not so happily endowed. Even a Physical Culture family like the Macfadden Publications, Inc., has to draw the line somewhere. What earthly chance we ask you, has a mere man got against a Grade A vampire? None, we earnestly assure you.

But it was a pleasant experience for all of us and we hope that you will enjoy her labors as much as we did who shared them—even to such a small extent—with her. As an editor she is just as good as she was a vampire, and that is saying all that we can say. Now let the public judge!

"American Movies Fascinating Little

Tiny star of "*Weavers of Fortune*" who formerly danced in "*Chu Chin Chow,*" announces to Movie Weekly representative that *British films* are as good as American

By W. Adolphe Roberts



Mlle. Dacia, charming little *English* screen star, who defends *British* films.

GLANCE over the amusement advertisements in any London newspaper, and you will discover that nearly all the featured motion pictures are American films. Right now, Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," Nazimova in "Salome," and Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country," are the leading attractions.

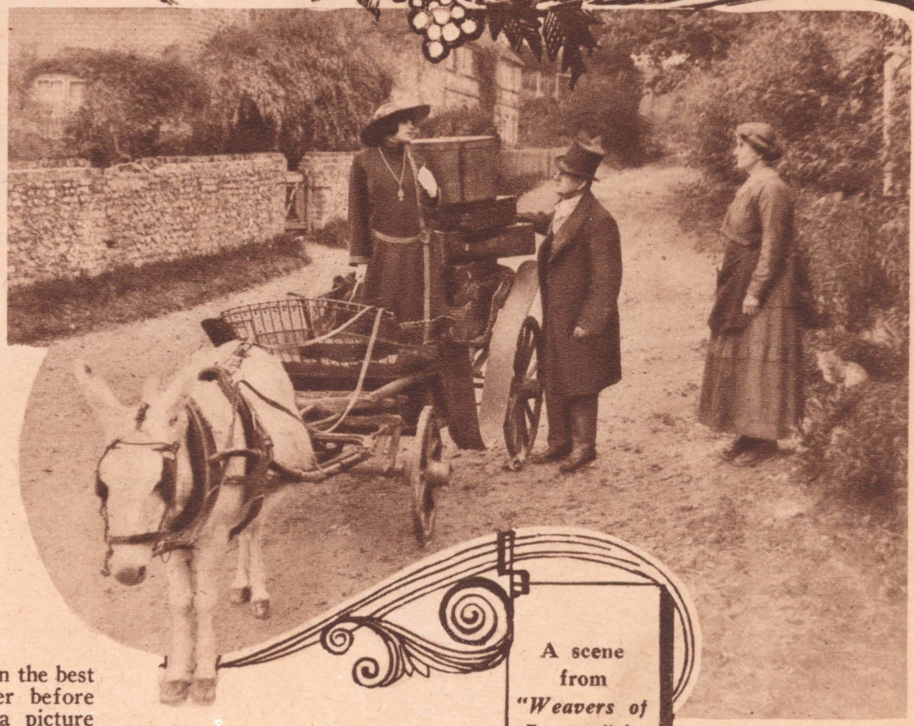
Ask, as I have been doing, a number of prominent British producers to give you the figures, and they will tell you that eighty per cent of all the movies shown in their country come from the United States. They will admit rather shamefacedly, if pressed, that their own remaining twenty per cent is local in its appeal. In other words, there is little reciprocity. The English fall hard for our films, but we do not exhibit theirs. Why?

Mlle. Dacia, the fascinating little brunette dancer from "Chu Chin Chow," who has been starred as a vamp in "Weavers of Fortune," a new production, maintains stoutly that the British pictures are good. If Americans do not like them, she told me, it is because we cannot appreciate faithful representations of English life.

The publicity director of Granger's, the firm that made "Weavers of Fortune," backed up Dacia's opinion with the statement that American producers think they can stage English scenes better than the English themselves. The results, according to him, have been terrible. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" contains at least one bull in every hundred feet of film, and the atmosphere of "Robin Hood" is mostly wrong.

But then, it is a publicity director's business to crack up his own wares at the expense of those of other folks. I did not accept his view. Nor did I accept Dacia's. I asked if I might see "Weavers of Fortune" (it has not yet been publicly shown), as a sample British picture, and judge for myself. "Righto!" said the officials of Granger's. They courteously ran off the film at their projection room in Wardour Street, for my especial benefit. And Dacia was good enough to get up at an unearthly hour for a movie star, sit beside me from beginning to end of the showing, and give me an interview for the readers of Movie Weekly.

First, I wish to say that "Weavers of Fortune" is, pictorially, well conceived and well-executed. The photography is good. The local color is carefully worked up, and there are some novelties. The contest between sheep dogs, for instance, to see which can get their charges home in the best time, has never before been used in a picture of English country life. The actors are all precisely suited to their parts, a point which cannot be made in favor of some American films.



A scene from "*Weavers of Fortune*" in which *Dacia* plays the leading part

THE STORY element in "Weavers of Fortune," however, I found to be decidedly weak. The following is a brief summary of the plot:

Molly Jackson, working in a London factory, is unjustly accused of stealing from a fellow-worker, and returns to the farm of her father, Will Jackson, once a famous racehorse trainer. One day, taking some farm produce to a nearby market town, she sees Tom Winter, a well set-up young fellow, who, expelled from Cambridge University, has resolved to seek his fortune along unconventional lines and is tramping the countryside.

A thoroughbred horse, which has thrown its master and has been sold in consequence, is being cruelly treated by the new owner, and Molly asks Tom to interfere. He does so, purchasing the horse and a cart, and setting up in business as a sort of expressman. The acquaintance thus effected between the two young people soon ripens.

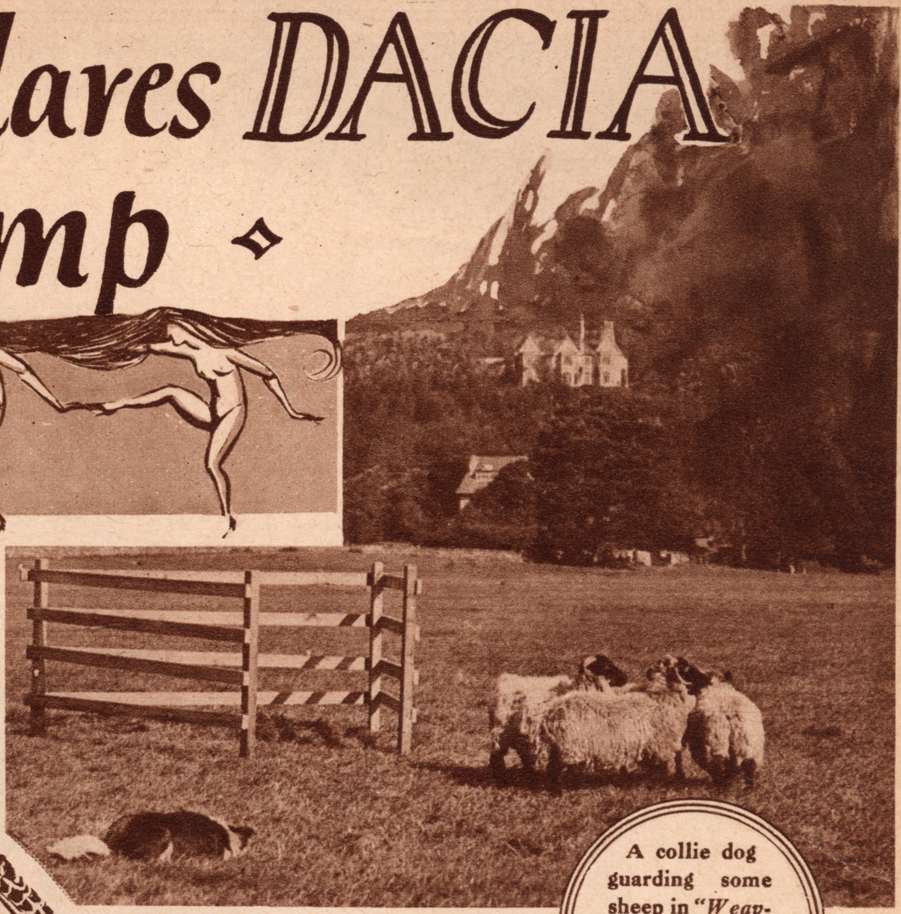
But a disturbing element is the advent of Minna Vandyck (Dacia), a London dancer, who, seeking a rest cure, has obtained lodgings in the same house as Tom. She occupies her leisure in making violent love to Tom, and even exercises her wiles upon Simple Simon, the village idiot.

Tom's horse goes lame, and old Will Jackson—with whom, by the way, Tom's landlady, Mrs. Wids, is in love—examines him and declares that the horse is too good for rough work. He suggests training him for the Grand National Steeplechase, a proposal to which Tom consents. Before the race can take place, however, Minna enmeshes Tom still further. She goes in for some heavy vamping, dressing in the filmiest garments and luring him into the woods to dance for him. At a village party, Molly misses her sweetheart and looks for him in the woods, finding Tom with Minna in his arms. The country girl's distress causes the vamp to repent. The next morning Minna has departed, leaving a note for Molly, explaining there had not been a serious attachment between Tom and herself, and the harmless love-making that had occurred had been all her fault.

Tom is forgiven. Molly's father becomes aware of Mrs. Wids' middle-aged affection, and things are once more plain sailing. The day of the big race arrives and Tom's horse wins the Grand National by a short head from the favorite—his father's horse, of course! The paternal forgiveness is promptly given, and there is the usual happy ending, with clinches.

I DO NOT say that the above plot is more banal than many that have served for American successes. It might, indeed, be the outline of a typical Mary Pickford production. But in the English picture the situations are not handled dramatically. They lack punch. Coincidences are overworked. When a real climax arrives, we are

are Wild!" declares DACIA English Vamp



A collie dog guarding some sheep in *"Weavers of Fortune,"* a new *English* picture.

Mlle. Dacia was a dancer before she became a screen star.

often asked to accept a sub-title in place of action which would show what had happened and why. The dancer, Minna's, change of heart, for instance, is announced without any display of feeling on her part or on Tom's. It is time for her to help along the happy ending, so her heart changes with marvelous rapidity and she disappears from the scene. Again, the misunderstanding between Tom and his father, and the false accusation against Molly, are mere statements which we swallow for the good of the story. They never become drama.

AGAINST these faults set the fine verve with which the steeplechase episode is handled. I have never seen better close-ups of galloping horses and tense jockeys. It is a real race, full of thrills, and will keep the audience wondering whether the hero can possibly win out against such heavy odds.

"Just why do you think this picture should be popular?" I asked Dacia, as she sat beside me and we sipped the traditional English cup of tea.

"Because the sentiment is clean and romantic, and because the life depicted is familiar to every British theatre-goer."

"Won't the weak plot be a drawback?"

"N-no," hesitated Dacia. "I don't think it's so weak, anyway. You evidently think the picture a failure."

"On the contrary, I think it is all right, as far as it goes," I assured her. "But you must admit it does not have a smashing plot."

"We care less for the sensational than you Americans do."

"Yet you go to see the American pictures. Everyone tells me that Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin draw the crowds as no English star can draw them."

"Well, we expect your films to be wild," hedged Dacia. "Yankee pep, you know. Frankly labeled as such, we enjoy it. But the same sort of thing in an English film would seem false and silly."

"If a show is good of its own kind, foreign or home-made, we like it," cut in the publicity man.

"And we Americans are not always so generous. Perhaps, after all, we are more provincial in our tastes than you are," I suggested.

"Perhaps."

"No one can get away from the fact that you stage your feature pictures on a princely scale," said Dacia. "Also, you know how to advertise them. You spend more money on a few scenes than we can afford for a whole film. That counts. It is not surprising that your producers do a world-wide business and ours do not."

This last, taken in conjunction with the weakness of the average British plot, sums up the whole story. "Weavers of Fortune," which was shown to me as an example of England's best, is a picture that would do very well in America as the weaker half of a double bill.

DACIA, I found to be a great deal more interesting than her vehicle. She is well on her way to being famous in the European cinema world, and she has a still greater future in store for her if she ever goes to America.

Dark and petite, she is an exotic, voluptuous type—a perfect vamp. She was born, she told me, in Jamaica, British West Indies, and is probably the only motion picture actress hailing from that island of ginger, rum and strong cigars.

She went on the stage at the age of seventeen, as premiere danseuse in "Chu Chin Chow," and broke all records by staying with the London production of that phenomenal success for four and a half years. So green was she that when the call boy shouted just before the first performance, "Beginners, please!" she came running from her dressing room. She regarded herself as being obviously a beginner, and did not know that the call, in English theatrical lingo, had been for the actors in the scene on which the curtain was to go up.

Also, when she was told she was to be premiere danseuse, instead of a humble member of the chorus, she burst into tears. The responsibility frightened her.

She is twenty-one years old now, and her part in "Weavers of Fortune" is her first important screen role.

Screen Stars and their Folks

We might spill some puns about putting on airs, but we can't say such a thing about this nice homey picture of *Agnes Ayres* and her mother.

There may be sweeter old ladies than *Bebe Deniels'* grandmother, but if there are we never met them.

This looks like *Betty Compson* and her older sister, but it isn't—that is, it isn't the older sister. It's the fair *Betty and her mother.*

"I'll be sitting with my knitting in the good old - fashioned way," says *Leatrice Joy* to her mother.

One way of putting color in *Grandma's* cheeks. Here are four generations of the *Milton Sills* family.

Can a PRUDISH GIRL be Popular?

By CLAIRE WINDSOR

Charming screen star *discusses trend of the times* and tells what *qualities she thinks* the modern girl must *possess*

By Regina Cannon

"Men are coming to realize more and more," said *Claire Windsor*, "that a wife should be a good pal."

A TAXI drew up at the Ritz the other morning and a very beautiful girl entered the famous hostelry and on a new page of the Register, wrote *Claire Windsor*, in a bold, free hand. By afternoon everyone in the vicinity of Madison Avenue knew Claire had arrived. And in her wake came telegraph messengers, florists' delivery boys, ardent movie fans and the inevitable interviewer.

We phoned Miss Windsor's secretary and begged, with tears in our voice, to be allowed to see this charming lady of the silver sheet on the very first day of her arrival. We knew that she'd be fairly teeming with First Impressions and they, after all, mean so much. Besides, we're always in search of a fresh viewpoint. A business-like voice informed us over the wire that Miss Windsor would be pleased to have us for tea at four o'clock. Could we come?

Could we come? *Could anything keep us away?*

We arrived ten minutes late to prove to Claire, if she had given the matter any thought, that we've been meeting eighteen karat movie stars all our life.

Upon entering Miss Windsor's suite, we thought we had accidentally stumbled into the Ritz conservatory, for orchids and roses bobbed out at us from every nook and corner. Someone, it was plain to see, had been saying it with flowers.

Claire approached us with outstretched hands and the friendliest of smiles. She gave us the impression of being all pink and gold and white like the princess in the fairy tale. She wore the daintiest teagown that shaded from shell pink to crushed strawberry with little cascades of cream lace tumbling over it. We were breathless before this vision of loveliness. When we were seated at the tea table and while Miss Windsor poured the Orange Pekoe, we asked her what she thought of the busiest city in the world—little old Noo Yawk?

IT'S JUST wonderful!" exclaimed Claire, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Of course, I expected it would be, but then my friends told me that the expectation would be greater than the realization. However, it isn't so. In my wildest dreams I never pictured this noisy, hustling city to be as fascinating as it really is."

"What impressed you most?" we pursued.

"The taxis," returned Miss Windsor promptly. "They're everywhere. All I have to do is close my eyes and I can picture those yellow and black and white cars darting through overcrowded streets, rushing headlong into congested avenues and playing tag with each other around elevator pillars. You know, I've sometimes thought that I was a little bit careless as a driver, but according to the apparent New York chauffeur's standards, I'm the most cautious being in the world. It's really terrifying, don't you think?"

WE ASSURED her we'd given up thinking about the matter several years back and prided ourself on being one of the best taxi-dodgers in town.

"What else attracted your attention?" we asked.

"The girls," Miss Windsor replied decisively. "The New York girls seem to be different from the girls in Red Gap or Kansas City or Chicago."

"We've always heard that girls are alike the world over," we contributed hesitantly.

"I don't think so," returned Claire. "There is something about the New York girl that impresses you. Whether you will it or not, she commands your attention and admiration. It's her independence and self-assertiveness, perhaps. At any rate," declared Miss Windsor emphatically, "whatever it is, I'm for her, for she has the courage to be herself."

We gave ourself an appreciative glance in a nearby mirror and delicately hinted to Claire that if she wanted to acquire any of the *savoir faire* of the big city, we'd, ahem, be glad to oblige by teaching her the ropes, as it were.

"Oh, they're simply priceless, this Uprising Generation," Miss Windsor continued, her face bright with animation. "Not a prude among 'em. There are no wallflowers at a dance nowadays, those familiar figures of a few years ago who were self-appointed policewomen to keep the chaperon posted

(Continued on page 29)

What Qualities in a Woman *Lure a* Man Most?

"The most important quality in a woman," said *Mr. Thomas,* "is a sense of humor. She needs it to tolerate the men."

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS TELLS

Noted singer who is now acting before the camera tells the Flapper Interviewer how he likes her sex and why

By Nanette Kutner

John Charles Thomas in a dramatic scene from "Under the Red Robe."

BEING a flapper has its disadvantages. Everyone always suspects you of being very susceptible and inexperienced—they don't know the half of it really! They're almost afraid to let you out of sight for fear some masculine charmer will bowl you over. So I had to work terribly hard to convince the powers that be that it was quite safe for me to run around alone to interview these fascinating male stars, and I had to make a solemn promise that I positively would *not* be vamped.

So, armed with a brand new notebook and pencil—I've since learned that the notebook is a dead give-away for a new interviewer—I went to the Armory where Cosmopolitan was making "Under the Red Robe." My knees shook so I wasn't sure whether they would hold out or not. In plain English I was simply scared to death. Here was I, absolutely green in the ways of interviewers, about to come face to face with a real celebrity. What in the world should I say to him? What *does* a regular, honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool interviewer say on such occasions?

When I arrived at the studio, the doorman eyed me belligerently. Studio doormen, I found, are terribly hard-boiled. They just naturally have an instinct to throw out everybody who comes to the studio. Even my notebook failed to convince him I was really an interviewer and not a screen-struck flapper, but after I had argued with him for a half hour, he finally led me to the dressing room of John Charles Thomas.

Mr. Thomas, you remember, is the fascinating tenor who sang in "Maytime," "Apple Blossoms," and ever so many other operettas that I can't think of. My knees trembled more than ever, but I didn't turn back. Whoever heard of a flapper who was afraid of being vamped? The nice pretty speech that I had worked so hard to memorize just vanished into thin air. That's the trouble with these speeches you plan ahead of time; they never work out according to schedule. My mind became a blank—there now, no snappy comebacks, if you please.

My first impression of John Charles Thomas was that he was the hugest man I had ever seen. Simply whopping! A regular he-man. Really, girls, he's fascinating enough to make you forget home and mother! A minute later I found myself sitting in a comfortable chair opposite Mr. Thomas—I can't tell you what that dressing room looked like. All I saw was the handsomest man in the movies sitting in front of me, and in the background I had a confused vision of trunks and dressing tables. By this time my mind had changed from a blank into a sort of jumble. Only a flapper can understand my feelings—I was thrilled to tears! So excited, in fact, that I started busily taking down notes—with my lip stick!

At last a question broke through the chaos of my mind and I said in a still, small voice, "Mr. Thomas, what qualities in a woman are most alluring to a man?"

He made a surprising answer.

"Well," he replied, "I like girls that nobody else does!"

Imagine that—when every flapper knows that the girls men usually like are the ones they think everyone else likes!

I DON'T quite understand what you mean," I said, puzzled.

"I mean I do not like a girl for her looks. I like a girl who is charming, clever, and wholesome. She is the type of girl who will succeed in whatever she undertakes. Looks are important for the stage, of course, but even there I think disposition is more important. It is one's mental attitude that really attracts others."

There was a dreadful pause while I floundered wildly for my next question. I had looked squarely into his eyes—and that, while it is, of course, very thrilling, is not the way to make one's mind function at its best! I was completely tongue-tied. But finally I gathered my wits together and asked him what he thought of the flapper, hoping frantically that he would like her. But probably, he'd have to say he did, anyway!

"I like the flapper," he admitted, "though she is a little silly. However, she's very sweet—I think it's a great idea for the modern girl to earn her own living. The little old-fashioned girl is quiet and sweet, but she never amounts to much. Her self-reliance has never been brought out; she has never learned to use her brains. But I think that the modern girl, who still retains the sweetness of her grandmother, with the addition of a lot of "pep" and brains that are well developed, is an unbeatable combination. That is what makes a great woman."

"What qualities especially appeal to you? What

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Real THEDA BARA—at HOME

Famous *creator of the screen vampire* is revealed here *at close range* and found to be just *a nice regular girl*

By Gladys Hall

ALL IS not gold that glitters, some sage has said. A lesser, if more modern sage, takes the liberty to add that all is not vile that vamps.

By which we mean that we regret to inform you that Theda Bara is a Lady, a Nice Girl, a Good Housekeeper, a Student, an Affectionate Sister, a Devoted Wife and an Obedient Daughter.

Off the Screen, of course.

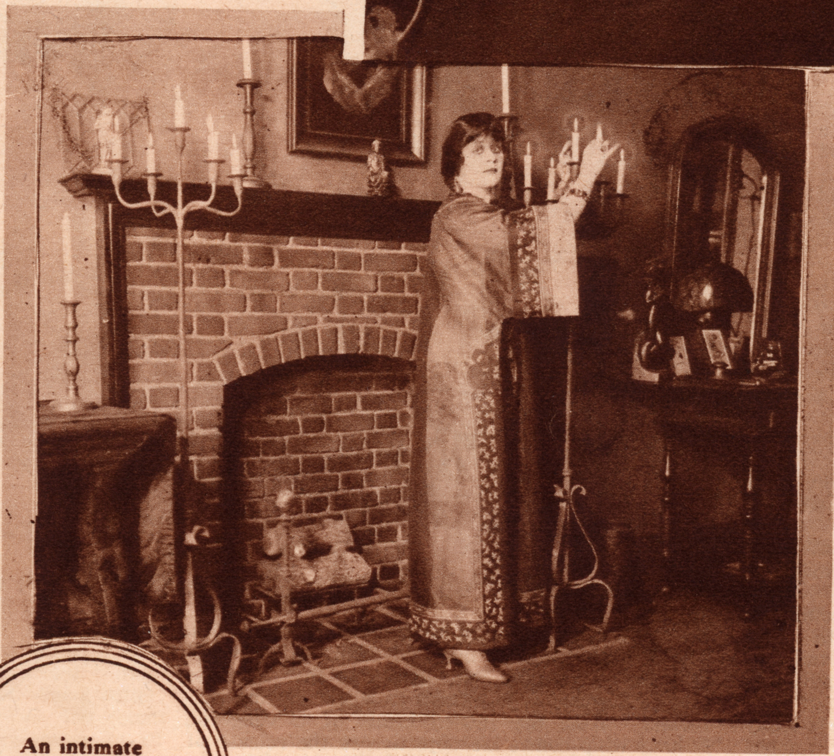
We are sorry if these descriptive epithets shatter any illusions, but they are none the less the truth about Theda.

Some years ago we first beheld Theda in that lurid fillum entitled "A Fool There Was." If any of you other fans saw Theda in that picture, there is no doubt but what you believed the worst. We know that we did. We had a padlock and chain made for our husband forthwith and every time he was six minutes late for dinner we conjured up villainous hallucinations of Dark Ladies and darker desires.

We imagined that Every Husband stood in daily and nightly danger of the sinuous, sinister, snaky Theda. We thought, with the shudders appropriate to all good, plain, God-fearing women, "Ye gods, what a horrible woman she must be! What a menace to any suburb! What a perpetual source of evil to all wives and all little ones at home!" We couldn't imagine how she got by Mister Summer or his eminent predecessor.

Of course we had heard all the other commonly current stories about her, too. We realized, with a Poe-esque attack of goose-flesh, that the name Theda Bara, transposed, means "dead Arab." We were informed that she had been born beneath the stony bosom of the mystically malicious Sphinx and that she had been weaned upon the River Nile, or was it Styx? We were pleasantly regaled with gruesome details of the victims, dead and dying, that lay along the pathway trod by her scarlet heels.

Then came the day when we were to meet her. We were invited to lunch with her at her home. We had heard that in that home one sank into cushions fathoms deep, over the evil tops of which one peered at deeds veiled from the light of day. We said good-bye to mother and subwayed shudderingly thither.



An intimate view of *Theda Bara* at home.

THEDA met us at the doorway of her apartment house. She was just alighting from her respectable if expensive car. She was clad in a sports suit of white trimmed with green. She wore white sport shoes and she smiled at us ingratiatingly. She said, "I'm not staring at you. Please don't think I'm rude. I'm only very near-sighted." She added, "I had to go to the drug store to get a couple of powder puffs." Eventually, one of the puffs became ours. That is Theda. She murmured, as we ascended in the lift, "My husband has been ill all night. I'm fearfully worried about him."

Thus far we had only achieved a few hoarse murmurs, such as, "That's quite all right. . . ," "Delighted, I'm sure," "Oh, you don't say . . ." But right there we smelled a rat. We knew that something was wrong with our previous information. For whoever heard of a vampire worrying about a husband—*and her own*? The fact that he is Charles Brabin, the director, wouldn't make any difference to a vamp.

Besides, girls and boys, Theda doesn't look like a vamp. She looks like a nice, well-dressed, serious-minded, cultivated young woman. She speaks in nicely modulated, low tones, on matters that would interest such diverse peoples as M. Coue, M. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Harding and your worthy selves.

"*Theda*," says *Miss Hall*, "doesn't look like a vamp. She looks like a nice, well-dressed, serious-minded, cultivated young woman."

Her figure is much slighter than you might suppose. She did admit to us that she had been through an exhaustive reducing process. Her hair is black, you've been right there, at any rate, but it is simply and youthfully arranged, low on her neck. She takes her hat off whenever she gets the opportunity, because she likes the sun better than she does the pallid and poisonous moon. Her eyes are surprisingly light gray, heavily lashed and very searching in their expression.

She has the heartiest, *"goodest,"* most charming laugh you have ever heard. Her skin is rather pale and she uses only the amount of make-up any of you boys' Best Girl might use.

She has a few affectations, also, like the Girl of Today. But they are charming ones and do not include taking little husbands away from little wives. Her chief hobby is having perfumes made to suit her personality.

We saw no cushions in her apartment, which is conservative, quiet and home-like. Her own room is in blue and white, with white enameled furniture and not a peacock feather or an incense burner to be seen.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Has KING George to Become a

Sudden action of *Viscount Lascelles*, husband of *Princess Mary*, in suing film company gives rise to belief that *Monarch* opposes the screen as a career

By T. *Howard Kelly*

***His Royal Majesty, George V, of England,* who, it is thought, forbade *Viscount Lascelles* to act in movies.**

A SECRET source of information which often furnishes me with accurate inside news from Buckingham Palace, has cabled that perhaps the real reason behind Viscount Lascelles' indignant refusal to be "starred" in a movie emanates from the royal chamber. In other words, it is my informant's impression that King George has put his foot down upon members of his monarchial household launching a screen career of any description.

This impression may or may not be erroneous. However, in the light of George's recent reprimand to his cousins, Lord and Lady Mountbatten, for their alleged "carryings on" with Charlie Chaplin and Mary and Doug, the assumption appears quite plausible, and to a certain degree highly logical.

The whole jolly row has been called a tempest in a teapot by some Londoners. The King, they claim, would not have to raise a finger to wreck Lascelles' film chances, because the Viscount, aristocrat that he is, would of his own volition be bally well against publicizing himself as a cinema performer.

As one English observer said to another:

"Class distinction — pride — ol' fellow! That's it! 'Ow could a topping chap like Lascelles—the princess' 'usband and all a' that—'ow could 'e turn cinema performer?"

And there you are. This is perhaps all very true, no matter how incomprehensible it may appear to United States.

The most we can get out of it is that somebody has tried to light up the movie horizon with a new star in the person of Viscount Lascelles, and that the Viscount, or the King, or somebody, has thrown a monkey-wrench into the machinery.

There are thousands of men in the world today working, wishing and dreaming of being famous picture stars. The vast majority of these men will die without the satisfaction of having accomplished their ambitions. It seems a pity indeed that the movie chance which the Viscount is forfeiting could not have fallen to one who craved it, or was not forbidden by circumstances to forego it.

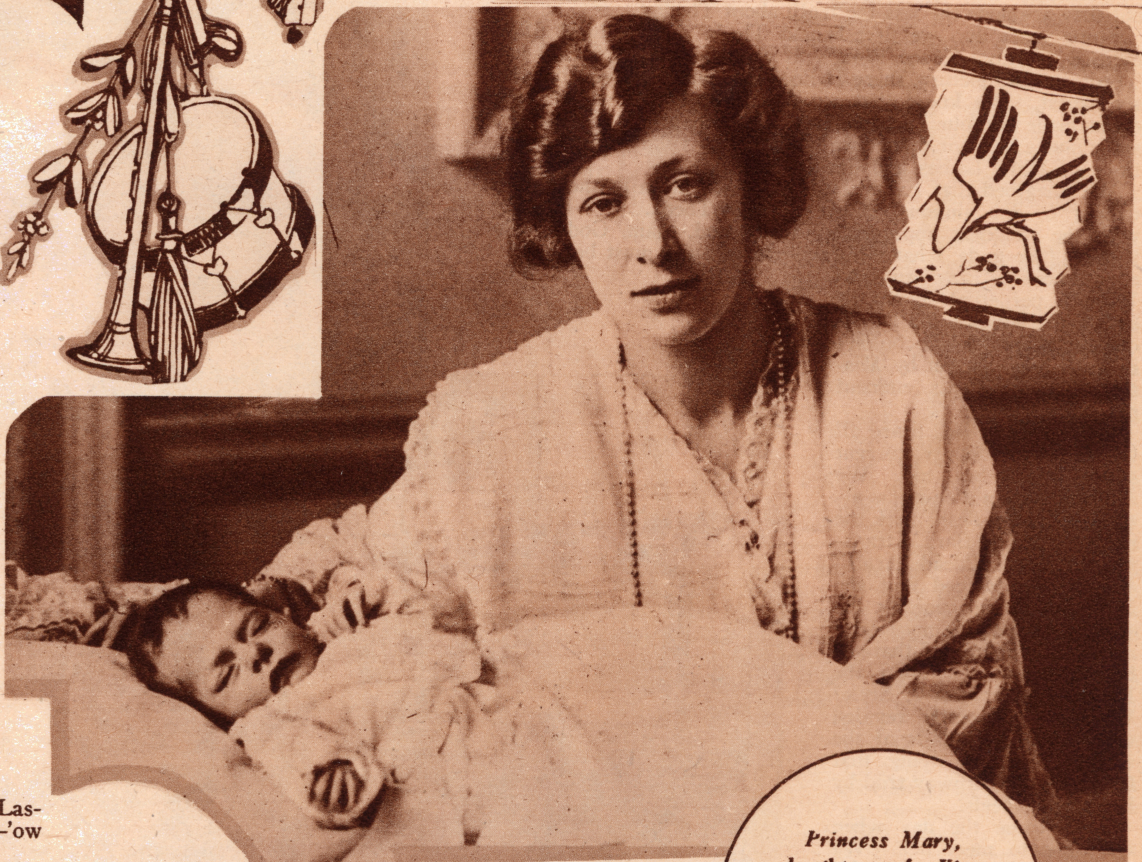
BUT THEN luck and fortune smile lavishly upon some folks. Just take Lascelles' luck in this matter. One day, not long ago, he went a-hunting in Branham Woods; a-hunting to the music of horns and hounds. Some movie producers lurking nearby shot scenes of the party from beginning to end. Later, when cut, titled and assembled, the movie was shown to the Viscount. He registered annoyance at some of the sub-titles. The producers deleted many of them. All is well!

A few days later, the gossip is that Princess Mary's husband is to exhibit as a star cinema performer. Like the sudden crack of a vengeful, lashing whip comes his objection to the release of the film. Upon the producers' refusal to destroy the reels, Viscount Lascelles applied to the Home Office to grant an injunction forbidding them to release the picture. Final action has not been taken as yet.

Such are the known facts, rumors and impressions touching upon this matter. Now, let us turn an analytical searchlight on the unfortunate rumpus and see what may be concluded and what not.

Viscount Lascelles, it is pointed out, has never won any particular contest, or prize, that would entitle him to picture stardom, nor has he any particular or specific qualifications as a cinema hero. Therefore, given a chance to bask in public favor as a screen idol, it would seem natural enough that the Viscount would accept the opportunity with open arms. Hence arises the belief that his storm of protest against the proposed release of a picture featuring him did not have its origin with him, but came as a majestic reaction to a phase of drama that does not meet with kingly approval.

To the everyday, practical American, it may seem like an eccentric display of snobbery and pettiness not to tolerate a movie star as a son-in-law. In this country it is a commonly expressed viewpoint that to be the parents, or in-laws, of a famous screen star, is to be "somebody."



***Princess Mary,* daughter of *King George,* and wife of *Viscount Lascelles,* with her young son**

BUT THIS neither explains, or reckons with the English viewpoint of such a matter. And, as you go step by step up the ladder of English class distinctions, you will find yourself farther and farther away from an explanation, or a reckoning on the subject under discussion. In this particular case there is no use in quibbling over words. We are dealing with the loftiest strata of English class distinction. There is no question of

Forbidden His SON in LAW MOVIE STAR?

the laboring class; the servant class; the shop-keeping class; the middle-class; the gentry; or titled persons. We are up against the royal purple.

Whether or not George told Viscount Lascelles that he could not be a star doesn't amount to a week's rations of plum pudding so far as I am concerned, for I have never felt quite certain of the King's feelings towards the motion picture industry since he raked the unfortunate Mount-

The *Prince of Wales*, (left) and *Viscount Lascelles* (right) are here seen following the hounds.

battens over the coals for their perambulatory exercises involving a lawn mower, and the Fairbanks grass plot in Beverly Hills. But it would appear that the present monarch of England is, as we say in the United States, "off" that pictorial dramatic medium of entertainment known within our three mile limit as the "movies."

IN OTHER words, I do not think the King cares a tuppence, or even a shilling, about having his relations breaking into public print as celebrities of the silver sheet. I applaud him for this attitude, if he is merely following the honest convictions of his soul. A man can follow nothing better, than his conscience and his convictions, and retain my admiration quicker. And yet, in spite of this, I still feel a certain kind of disappointment that the King of England should encourage a hands-off attitude among his subjects towards the cinema.

Far be it from me to suggest to Buckingham Palace that the motion picture industry should be encouraged, and not disheartened by disapproving frowns. Who am I to tell the King that he should allow his son-in-law, husband of Princess Mary, to act upon the screen? It is not that I would dare to be so assuming . . . and still I am sincerely hoping that the King is being credited with an attitude which is not really in his heart. I would like to think that George of England is a patron of the pictures and not a scoffer.

I do not want him to turn press agent for the industry, or go into producing or directing. This, I know, with even my meagre American knowledge of English customs about such things, would be sheer absurdity on anybody's part. I also realize that in England there is a current feeling the movies are for the "vulgus profanum," as the mayor of olden Rome once said, alluding to the everyday people swarming the Appian Way, holiday bent. Naturally this attitude creates a wide chasm between holders of this opinion, those who makes movies, and those who are entertained by the movies.

The upper ranks of English society draw a nice line of distinction between those classes to be met on an equal social level, and those to be met on an uneven keel of culture. Now you know why King George was so annoyed over the Mountbattens alleged hobnobbing with our American stars. But, as I said, if he is merely following the honest convictions of his soul, he has a perfect right to indulge such an annoyance. He simply felt, and honestly, too, that it was not good taste for his titled relatives to be partying with Charlie Chaplin, once of the Lunnon music halls, and the Fairbanks family of Doug and Mary.

As to poor Lascelles, I heartily hope no buzzing movie bee has been prematurely assassinated beneath his Viscount's bonnet. I hope he cherished no burning ambition to be a movie star and then gave it up in deference to the King's wishes. Instead, I trust that his ire over the threat to metamorphose him into a movie actor, arose from a personal conviction that he should not be cast into public limelight in such a role; or from an honest belief that he had none of the necessary qualifications essential to movie stardom.

I would hate to think any man had to forego the chance that knocked at Lascelles' door only to be silenced because of reasons which we here in America cannot as yet fully determine.

If it is true, as superficial things indicate, that George is "thumbs down" on movies, then perhaps we have a glimmering hint concerning the failure of Great Britain to produce any screen actors or actresses of international fame.

If the King frowns down upon movie careers, as he obviously does, we could hardly expect those of his circle to seek a career as stars of the cinema. This state of affairs would cheat the English silent drama of the chance to obtain the best histrionic talent in the country.

Everyone who knows anything about happenings in the film world remembers that the King became quite peeved over Lady Diana Manner's plunge into pictures. Apparently, however, Lady Diana chose not to give the snap of a riding crop as to what her monarch's wishes were on this touchy subject. She remained a film star long enough to endear herself to a large audience of British and American fans.

THIS controversy if one really exists, over Viscount Lascelles becoming a movie star, and the obvious aversion George experiences toward the silent drama, is one that does not concern Americans except in so far as it may involve an unfavorable English attitude towards the persons who have won laurels as American film actors and actresses. It is none of our business, to be sure, to dictate to kings, earls, dukes, princesses and ladies, in the matter of their dramatic entertainment, etcetera. But it is interesting, and perhaps amusing to a certain group of United Staters, to behold the sensational situation of a man with a title objecting in strenuous fashion to becoming a film star.

High School Girl wins Bebe Daniels' ? contest

Mae Griffen of Sayville, L. I., *captures prize* offered by screen star for most *original question*

By Bebe Daniels

A FEW weeks ago in the columns of Movie Weekly, I offered to give a prize to the person asking me an original question—from the standpoint of entertainment—that I could not answer. When the magazine was on the newsstands a day or two, I began to be deluged with questions from readers all over the country. Many of the questions were good and some were very clever, but not original. Then, too, a number of the questions that were original were not amusing. So the hundreds of queries finally resolved themselves into two or three and the best of these was, "What kind of a flower grows on an ice plant?"

This question was submitted by Miss Mae Griffin, of Sayville, Long Island, who is a senior at the Sayville High School. In the letter that notified Miss Griffin that she was the winner of the contest, and of the gold fountain pen, I asked her how she came to originate her question. She wrote me that she thought of it on her way to school one morning. It seems that she had figured out a good many things to ask, but discarded them as not being original enough. She said that on this particular morning, having more time than usual, she sauntered along reading the newspaper and noticed a small ad in it recommending Sayvillites to patronize a certain ice plant. This ad, she said, gave her the idea for her question.

A good many contestants asked me why movie folks' marriages were not as successful as other people's. There's nothing particularly original or humorous about that question, you'll admit, so it was excluded from the contest. And besides, there are many successful marriages among the motion picture colony. As many, on an average, as in any specified branch of society. If an unsuccessful marriage occurs in an unknown, unheard of family, naturally the world is not told anything about it. But if the alliance of theatrical or movie stars does not terminate in happiness, the news gets on Page One of every daily paper from Maine to California. This news is played up usually with more vividness than accuracy, and the public becomes imbued with the idea that no marriage, where the parties concerned are professionals, turns out right. As I said, there are enough happy marriages among the screen stars to disprove this notion.

Mae Griffen, high school girl, who won the prize.

***Bebe Daniels*, screen star, who offered the Original Question Prize.**

But to get back to the contest—I promised to answer as many of the questions in the columns of Movie Weekly as space would permit—and here are a few of them:

Q. How may I avoid sending my shirts and collars to the laundry once too often?—C. G., St. Joseph, Mo.

A. Wash them at home.

Q. Who is the bigger fool; you, for instigating this contest, or I, for competing in it?—M. McM., Schenectary, N. Y.

A. I'm not, since the contest has given me the pleasure of hearing from you.

Q. If four autos were approaching a certain corner at the same time, which auto has the right of way?—N. G., Back Bay, Mass.

A. The one I'm in if you don't mind.

Q. Why is the ocean so near the shore?—L. S., New York.

A. Because it's tide.

Q. How would you divide two apples equally among three people?—A. E., Lowell, Mass.

A. Make apple sauce or kill one of the people.

Q. How long is a game of poker?—B. N., Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Until a man's wife meets the sick (?) friend he has gone to see.

Q. What is the definition of beauty?—P. H., New York.

A. Those qualities that are most pleasing to the eye.

Q. How much are a flock of nickels?—F. S., San Francisco.

A. That depends on the size of the conductor's hand and how many "spotters" there are on the line.

Q. Who is going to be your husband?—R. S., Brookline, Mass.

A. The man I marry.

Why I Don't Want Theda Bara *to return to the screen—*

by her husband

Charles Brabin, noted director and husband of the famous *movie vampire*, tells why *he prefers* his gifted *wife* to remain in *retirement*

As related to Grace Kingsley

Theda Bara, in private life *Mrs. Charles Brabin.*

Charles Brabin, husband of the famous screen vampire.

I DIDN'T want to direct Miss Bara! I told Mr. Fox that, when they asked me to direct her. I told Miss Bara, too. I told her I thought it was best to disagree with her at once, with Mr. Fox right there on the stage! You see, I had never met Miss Bara then, but I had heard how temperamental she was—how she wouldn't come to work until three in the afternoon—all the rest of it."

The speaker was Charles Brabin, famous picture director, and now the husband of Theda Bara.

"I'm not going to be married ever," Theda Bara used to say to me, a bit wistfully, I thought. But she didn't know Charles Brabin then. And he is well worth waiting for, I should say on casual acquaintance.

Probably you fancy the world's most famous vampire married to an Adonis, a wildly romantic young blade who writes poetry and plays the violin with the moonlight falling through his long hair and upon his classic features.

Nothing of the sort. She has married a vastly sensible, scholarly, cultured, artistic Scotch-Irishman, a forceful man in a quiet way, who has an earnest interest in his work, a great appreciation of a joke, and a big and kindly understanding of human nature.

I had found Mr. Brabin at work on the set, and when the scene was finished we withdrew to a quiet corner of the lunch room for a chat.

"I want," he said, "to tell the world of the real Theda Bara—a side the world doesn't know at all. She is one of the most brilliant women I have ever known. That she occupies a unique place in filmdom, which has never been filled since she left the screen, testifies to her distinction at least. She has a very fine nature. But she had a flair for playing vampires, and that is all the world knows about her.

"Oh, I must tell you about that first morning, when we were all gathered on the stage together, after I had thrown down the gauntlet! We began talking. Miss Bara quoted something from Rabelais in connection with what she had to say. I was bowled over. Then she quoted it in French. The talk trailed off into a discussion of literature.

SUDDENLY I found that I had forgotten I did not want to direct Miss Bara. Her kindling enthusiasm, the intelligent, humorous sparkle of her eyes, her personal magnetism, her brilliant talk, all inspired me.

"That is one great thing about Miss Bara—her inspirational quality! When you leave her presence, you feel that you can accomplish anything!

"Was this cultured woman, I thought, the actress I had been hearing all the tales about in regard to temperament and indolence? I could not believe it. I happened to say something about Schiller, and she again made it evident, though not in an obvious way, that she was familiar with the German classics. I found she understood some three or four languages.

"Then suddenly I realized that I did want to direct her—that here I should find a responsive intelligence, a sparkling cleverness, an instant understanding, and a depth for which the picture director seems always to be looking.

"Our friendship grew. It became something of a challenge of thought and ideas in each other. I'll admit it was a constant attempt on my part to keep ahead of her mentally.

"I planned to give Miss Bara a treat by taking her to grand opera. And when we reached the theatre, a man in the box office caught sight of her. 'Do you wish your regular seats, Miss Bara?' he asked her. It seems she had seats regularly every Friday night. She herself can sit down at the piano, play difficult music, and discuss Puccini with the professional musician. And when I took her to a dinner one night, to meet the famous conductor, Stransky, and they began a discussion on counterpoint, I just gasped and went down for the third time!

EVERYTHING happened that way. She was entirely the antithesis of what I thought.

"It was really Theda Bara's intellect that intrigued me first . . . or anyway she made me believe it was!" added Brabin as a smiling afterthought, and a little grin of pride at his wife's cleverness.

"The upshot of the matter was," he went on, "that I did direct her, and that I found her the most intelligent actress I had ever worked with. Her mind is constructive as well as brilliant.

"And please understand that it is not because she is my wife that I am praising Theda Bara. It isn't, quite clearly, for press agent purposes, as

(*Continued on page* 31)

"WITHIN THE LAW" PRISON LIFE

Famous stage play reaches the screen with *Norma Talmadge* —*"The Ne'er-do-well," "Trifling with Honor"* and *Martin Johnson's African Hunt* picture among other features reviewed *by* Lewis F. Levenson

Mrs. Martin Johnson and a dead rhino on the *African* veldt.

"WITHIN THE LAW"
Expertly Played Melodrama

Crook melodramas are usually imitations of one successful model. The model happens to be "Within the Law." That play set the pace for the flood of similar dramatic effusions during the last decade. It has lost none of its tensity in this screening and Norma Talmadge has given it a production, a cast, and the necessary acting to make it one of the most enjoyable pictures of the month.

Norma Talmadge is essentially a dramatic actress. There have been times, notably in "The Sign on the Door," when it seemed that she could hardly compete for effectiveness with such stage players as Marjorie Rambeau. But in "Within the Law" she triumphs. She gives a finished and complete picture of Mary Turner, and she has also had the good sense—for a star—to surround herself with players who are capable of making the entire picture even convincing.

Eileen Percy tops the list of the supporting cast. As Aggie Lynch, she adds another character to her growing gallery. Miss Percy has come up rapidly in the last year. She is good to look upon and she can act. Especially in her bit with DeWitt Jennings (Inspector Burke), she is excellent.

Lew Cody plays his old role of Joe Garson with subtlety and understanding. He makes the crook real, a difficult bit of work for a movie actor. Joe Garson is, of course, a sure fire part. It has all the elements of reality. But Cody personifies it to the least gesture. And Ward Crane does English Eddie, the stool pigeon, with equal sureness.

"Within the Law" isn't a pleasant play. Injustice, crookedness, misery and not a little vice are its elements. But it has the saving grace of occasional humor and Miss Talmadge has produced it in this instance with due respect to its success as a stage effort. She has changed it not at all.

"Within the Law" is the best crook melodrama which has come to the screen in a long time.

"THE NE'ER DO WELL"
A Canal Zone Romance

Panama is the latest in movie locations. "The Ne'er Do Well," in which Tommy Meighan stars, was made, with the exception of the interior scenes, in Panama City, Colon and along the big ditch which America constructed between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Rex Beach wrote the novel which supplied the story.

It is a combination of two conventional plot ideas, the rich man's son who just won't behave and who is properly chastised by his father by being sent penniless to a distant land, and the Spanish girl with whom said rich man's son falls in love.

The result is a none too realistic story, but one which is entertaining enough, thanks to the Famous Players production and cast. Meighan himself seems just a little too old for his part. He looks too settled, too sensible, to indulge in such madcap tricks. Those who contribute most to the action and merriment are Jules Cowles, who does a blackface character excellently; Gertrude Astor, as the none too virtuous wife, who falls in love with Tommy; and Sid Smith, in a role which is almost straight comedy. Lila Lee plays the Spanish girl.

Meighan fans will find enjoyment in "The Ne'er Do Well." It measures up to the usual strength of his pictures.

In *"Trifling With Honor," Buddy Messenger* plays a clever small boy.

"TRIFLING WITH HONOR"
A Movie Home Run

In the words of the baseball fan, "Trifling With Honor" is a smash over the right field wall with the bases full.

Humor, genuineness, good, wholesome drama, give life to everyone of its eight reels. It is the first baseball movie of super-feature proportions, and it has all the elements of a big popular success.

William Slavens McNutt, sport writer and novelist, wrote the story. Harry Pollard, director of the "Leatherpusher" series, directed. They have made it breathe, live, from the first flash to the wow of an end.

McNutt has written a story of a home run hitter who has a prison past. He has woven into this story a romance, a small boy, and a few crooks. The result is action from start to finish.

The prison episode, the difficulties with which the heavy-fisted but feather-minded Gas Pipe Kid contended in his struggle to make good, concedes nothing to movie traditions. The hero goes down for the count morally. Then, when we are introduced to the small boy, we find him to be a real small boy, afraid of being a sissy, sleeping late, spending his pennies on a ball game, worshipping the famous Bat Shugrue, home run hitter, a typical Frank Merriwell reader, a genuine American kid. And the baseball scenes, with their gamblers, their double-crossing hero who discovers the virtue of honesty at the last moment, these, too, are like a page from the book of everyday life.

We know, of course, that Bat will win the game with a home run in the ninth. We know that he won't turn traitor to the home team, but even so, when, with the count of two strikes and three balls on him, we see him swat the pellet over the bleacher wall, we can't help feeling a thrill.

Children will stand up and cheer this picture just as wildly as they would a real baseball game.

Rockcliffe Fellows, as Bat Shugrue, fits his role perfectly. He is in turn a dull-minded gangster; a conceited, ignorant, flashily dressed, woman-chasing baseball player; and a regenerated athlete, regenerated by the faith which small boys hold in him. Fellows has a hard time competing with little

A Strong Drama of

THE MONTH'S SEVEN BEST PICTURES

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"
A highly artistic romance of an American, a Spanish dancer, and some Cuban revolutionaries, with Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess.

"WITHIN THE LAW"
Norma Talmadge in a screen version of the famous crook melodrama.

"TRIFLING WITH HONOR"
A vividly human story of a baseball hero, a small boy and a girl.

"THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR"
A perfect example of a play transferred to the screen without loss of interest or reality.

"THE NTH COMMANDMENT"
The humorous and sometimes tragic love affair of a corset saleslady and a shipping clerk, with Colleen Moore and James W. Morrison.

"THE GO-GETTER"
The story of a youth who got a job and a girl by going after both, with T. Roy Barnes and Seena Owen.

"MARTIN JOHNSON AFRICAN HUNT"
As good as a visit to the Bronx Zoo.

As *Mary Turner* in *"Within the Law,"* Norma Talmadge scores heavily.

Thomas Meighan and *Lila Lee* are lovers in *"The Ne'er-Do-Well."*

Buddy Messenger, however. Buddy can act rings around every other boy of his age in the movies. You have to see him in "Trifling With Honor" to realize what a comprehensive grasp of the technique of acting he possesses. Fritzi Ridgway, as the girl, plays with restraint in the most difficult characterization of the picture. Her part is somewhat inconsistent, but she gives it the suitable touches of reality. Frederick Stanton does wonders with the gambler, and Hayden Stevenson, the hack writer, who pens the "autobiography" of the famous hitter, also does his bit toward making "Trifling With Honor" one of the surprises of the film season.

Be sure to see "Trifling With Honor." It has no cabaret scenes or big fights, but it proves that a movie can tell an honest story entertainingly.

"MARTIN JOHNSON AFRICAN HUNT"

A New Jungle Thriller

Martin Johnson's latest trip to far off places has resulted in a film of the jungle country of equatorial Africa, just south of the Abyssinian border. It resembles, in many ways, the astonishing "Hunting Wild Beasts With Gun and Camera," which H. A. Snow brought to New York last winter and which developed into one of the smashing film successes of the year.

Johnson's picture does not suffer from comparison with Snow's. In fact, its chief fault is that it resembles the earlier release too closely. In one respect, however, it excels. The personality of Mrs. Johnson, her daring, her ability with the gun, the savoir-faire with which she tracks and shoots down rhinos, elephants, lions and other beasts, makes the viewer regard the film and her exploits with astonishment.

Otherwise, the Martin Johnson film either toes the mark with the Snow expedition or falls beneath its standard. We have the same, or apparently the same, giraffes, wild beasts, ostriches, gnus, zebras, and so on. We have hardly the variety of the Snow picture, and although the titles in this film are bright and occasionally laughter-winning, we have hardly the same spontaneous and apparently genuine humor.

One cannot help applaud the zeal and daring of the Johnsons. It is unfortunate that they chose to imitate and compete with a pioneer in the filming of wild animals. As a picture, theirs is highly entertaining. It falls just short of being as good as its predecessor.

"FOOL AND RICHES"

Are Parted as Usual

You can hardly expect to find anything startlingly original in a film which is based on a proverb. And "Fools and Riches" turns out to be just what you expected, all about a rich youth whose father dies, and who spends the paternal legacy unwisely, only to learn his lesson of thrift and to find that dad was holding out a million or so on him until said lesson could be learned.

Herbert Rawlinson is the star of this effort to make the movie fans of the country save their pennies. We wonder whether there would be any movies if the fans took the moral sermons fired at them with any seriousness. Happily for Zukor, Laemmle, Loew, et Cie., the fans still shove their pence across the box office shelf and the movies go on.

Tully Marshall plays another dad and dies gracefully in this film. Katherine Perry is the heroine. Miss Perry is a good still camera actress. Doris Pawn, as the not so nice other woman, is not so bad.

"PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS"

Gloria Swanson as a Flapper

Most films which deal with the life stories of millionaires' daughters are fearfully boresome, except when the simpering heroine poses before the camera in the latest Paquin model.

But "Prodigal Daughters" is a delightful exception to the rule. It is the best film in which Gloria Swanson has appeared in many moons. Although it is full of wild parties, cabarets and reckless spending of money, it somehow rings fairly true, and it also presents the tiny Gloria in a character reminiscent of the roles she used to play four and five years ago, that of a younger girl intoxicated by the love of life.

In this case Gloria is "Swiftie" Forbes, a millionaire's daughter, who, during the three years' absence of her father in Europe, develops into a modern young woman who resents being dependent upon men. Swiftie breaks with her old-fashioned dad on his return to America, and goes her own way. She finds, however, that she cannot keep up the pace alone, and she returns to the paternal hearth—set in a magnificent home—chastened and willing to marry an upright, virtuous and forward-looking young man.

The yarn itself, as you plainly see, is not over-original, but it has been produced brightly. Gloria looks more like her old self, and her supporting cast fill in the picture splendidly. Moreover, the titles are not too preachy, the action moves smoothly, and even the parties and the cabarets seem to be filled with people who are enjoying themselves.

Fans who like smart clothes, a society story, and who believe that flappers are as bad as they paint themselves, will like "Prodigal Daughters."

HENRY HULL
appearing in
"ONE EXCITING NIGHT"

CLARA HORTON
appearing in
"FIGHTING BLOOD"

Theda BARA'S Face Tells why She was a VAMPIRE

Character analysis of retired screen star's features lays bare the reason why she excelled in the films in vampire roles

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

"Theda Bara's face," says de Sola, "shows shrewd judgment."

Theda Bara

CHARACTER READING: *This is a face of unusual strength and persistence. It is practical rather than highly artistic and there are indications that shrewd judgment and commercial acumen are not wanting. Tolerance is also present, and a broad outlook on life is apparent. It is tenacious, and in spite of a certain native pride, no tendency is shown to over-accent fastidious values.*

A FEW years ago her name was on everyone's lips. The movies and Theda Bara—these were nearly synonymous. Always she played the vampire, that type which she definitely created in the screen world. It is a theatrical type and perhaps it has only a vague approach to reality, but it is always effective. Today a dozen actresses have increased the potentialities of the part and added new subtleties, but Theda Bara must always be remembered as its innovator.

Those pictures of hers—can we ever forget them?—in which a temple girl, perhaps, danced her way into the heart of some powerful rajah, and then, drunk with the sway of her allurement, captured the young English diplomat. Followed Paris, and riotous scenes of the most fashionable ruin, leaving Theda stabbed or poisoned perhaps, the hero and the heroine united, and the audience happy. In Miss Bara, filmdom found its first opportunity to prefer the playing of the villainess to that of the "sympathetic" part.

What was the character and the personality of the woman who played these roles so untiringly and so successfully? Ironically enough, we discover by a study of her features that that character is one of everyday calibre, essentially simple and unlike the spectacular temptresses she was forever representing.

There is great strength of will and perseverance for a desired object indicated in the chin and jowls and the long upper lip. This is a woman who could push her desires with the force of a strong character. The eyes show a natural shrewdness, a good, instinctive understanding of motives. The keynote of the face is practicality. Even her life would bear out this reading. The heroines—or rather villainesses of her impersonations—threw themselves away by an abandonment to their own allures. The woman behind those roles has, in actuality, capitalized her own attractions!

The eyes, for all their weight of lid and placing, would declare her emotional only in the normal manner and degree—emotional regarding simple things. She is non-analytical, since she has herself so well in hand. Her attitude toward life is inclined to be a materialistic one. There is pride in the face, but in spite of a tendency to irritability, little sensitiveness of a petty sort.

Adaptable, she would be declared by feature after feature, equally ready to be a Bohemian or a housewife, though in either capacity, we may be sure, her dominant qualities of persistence and shrewdness would be present.

She is not unsympathetic, as her lips tell us, and she likes to be liked even by people whom she does not herself admire. It is all part of her practicality. She could be temperamental if that would aid her practicality! In brief, these features are the features of a success.

She is not concentrative in type, and relies chiefly upon her reading of motives to master a situation. Although she is a "born" and not a developed personality, her experience has given her a great deal of self-assurance.

She is inclined to be pessimistic, and her personal sense of humor is limited. Nevertheless, she can

(*Continued on page 30*)

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How My Screen Career Hung on the Toss of a Coin

BY HAROLD LLOYD

Second *Fascinating instalment* of the famous *movie comedian's own story* in which he tells how he *climbed the ladder* from poverty to success

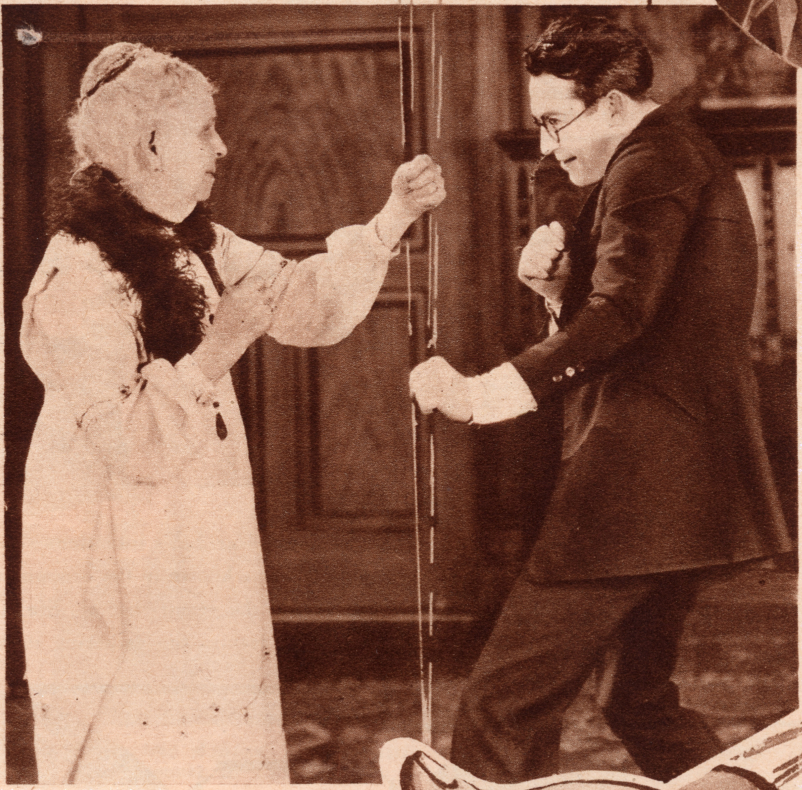
Written in *collaboration* with *Lawrence Langdon*

Harold Lloyd and his father, J. Darcie Lloyd.

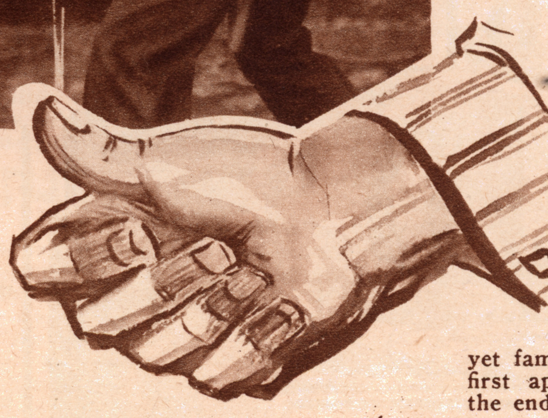
What was related in the preceding instalment:

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hardworking, but very poor, and Harold had to go to work while still in primary school, in order to help out the family exchequer. In order to better the condition of his family, the elder Lloyd moved from one town to another, locating in Denver, Colorado, when Harold was two years old. At the age of eight, Harold secured a newspaper route and was building up a good little business when his father again decided to move, this time to Beatrice, Nebraska—a town too small even to maintain a newspaper. So young Lloyd took to selling pop-corn to the workers in the various factories located near his home. But again the little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha. Harold had always been interested in anything that savored of the theatre, often playing actor, using the household furniture as props, and it was here in Omaha that the future great comedian became initiated into the mysteries of the mimic art. While watching a window demonstration of "magic," one day, he met John Lane O'Connor, then a well-known stock actor who was playing in Omaha. Harold confided his plans to the great actor, which led to an eventual invitation to look on behind the scenes.

This first glimpse of the mysteries of back-stage was the beginning of a continuous chain of such visits, always in the company of his friend and mentor, the great (to him), John Lane O'Connor.



Harold boxing with his grandmother—just to keep in trim.



AND gradually, as I absorbed the spirit of these stock company players with whom I found myself, I became less the Harold Lloyd I had been and more the Harold Lloyd I was going to be. Opportunity found me. On the schedule of the Burwood Company was the production "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." If you remember that good old play, you will recall the part of little Abraham, Tess's brother. Abraham has quite a long role in the play, forty "sides" as each page of the working script of an actor's role is called.

The Burwood Company had no boy actor. One day O'Connor, who had been coaching me from time to time, surprised me by asking me if I would like to take a chance with the role of Abraham.

"But do you think I can do it?" I asked.

"You can never do anything if you don't try," he replied.

He worked hard with me during the weeks preceding the production of "Tess." I suppose I was pretty crude, and it was difficult to knock into my head even the rudiments of acting, but O'Connor knew his profession and knew how to teach it. Indeed, he made me so certain of the role that I went through the rehearsals without a flaw, and when the great moment arrived, the moment when the curtain was to rise before an audience of Omahans, I felt not a whit of stage fright. Instead I was proud, proud that I had become a member of this chosen company of players, that I had joined the great theatrical profession.

The role of Abraham is highly dramatic, particularly during the scene in which Tess leaves home with the villain, supposedly to marry him, and to obtain enough money to save the life of Abraham, who is seriously ill. I have no idea how I looked to my friends out front in the audience during this dramatic scene. But my greatest thrill came when, after the act in which Tess leaves I had the curtain all to myself.

And like an actor of long experience, I remember distinctly taking the bow without going out of my character, for one of the rules O'Connor had drilled into me was never to quit my character so long as I was on the stage.

Thus overnight I was converted into an actor. Many people write me now asking me how to get on the stage or how to get into the movies. There is no royal road from obscurity to fame. One day you are dismally alone by yourself, unkown, unsung. Another day dawns, and with it you find the sun of fame shining upon you. I was hardly yet famous on the day following my first appearance in "Tess." But at the end of that week the manager of the company suggested that I be carried on the salary roll to play in other boy parts in succeeding productions. As a result, I appeared that season in eight other plays, among which were "The Little Minister" and "Lover's Lane."

One day a vaudeville act came to Omaha. The stock company did not work afternoons except Wednesdays and Saturdays, and so, on Monday afternoon of that week, O'Connor said to me:

(*Continued on page 29*)

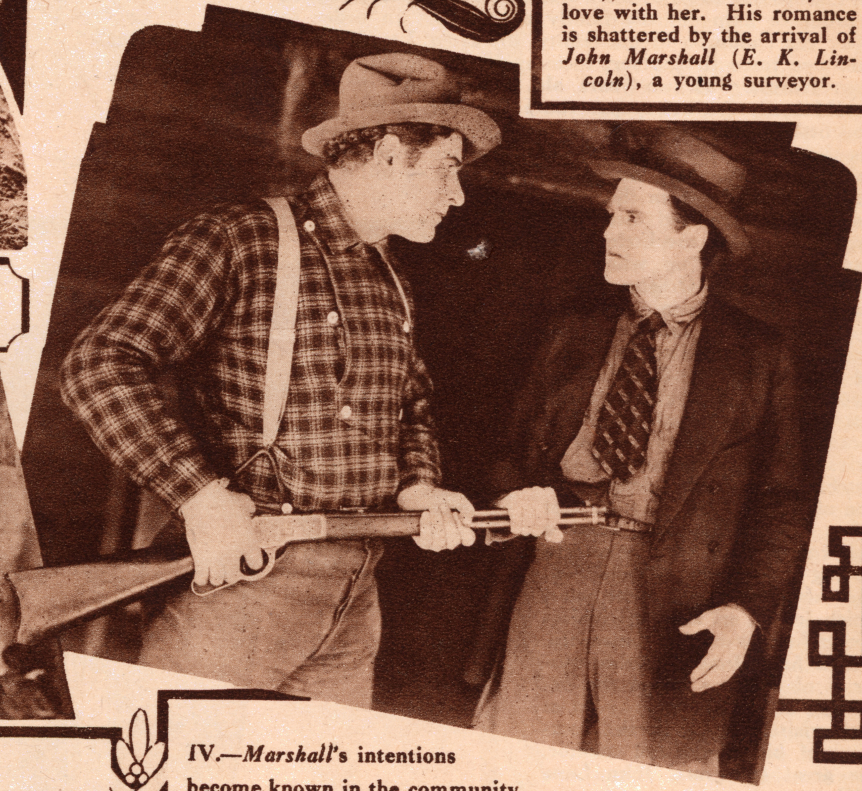
"The Right of the Strongest"

A Drama of Mountain Blood

Yankee and Hill Billy clash in strong story of Alabama Mountain folk

I.—Deep in the mountains of *Alabama* lies a little valley settlement, and back to this hamlet, which she left as a tiny orphan girl, comes *Mary Elizabeth Dale* (*Helen Ferguson*), to teach the district school.

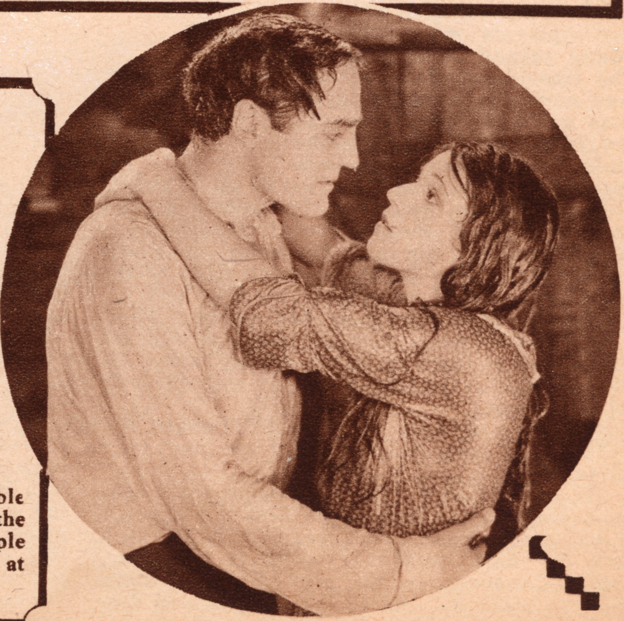
II.—*Mary* lives with the *Davis* family, the elder son of which, *Babe* (*Tom Santschi*), becomes secretly in love with her. His romance is shattered by the arrival of *John Marshall* (*E. K. Lincoln*), a young surveyor.



IV.—*Marshall*'s intentions become known in the community with the result that his life is in danger. He is calm, however, despite the gathering storm of the mountaineers' hate.

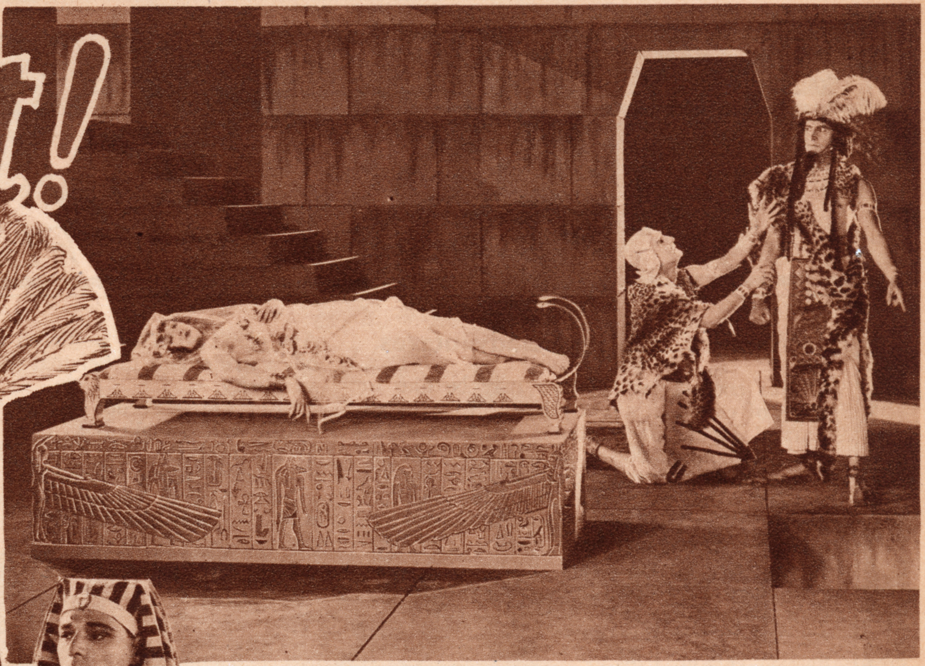
V.—A desperate battle now takes place between *Babe Davis* and *Marshall*, as the former thinks *Marshall* seeks the ruin of *Mary*. The entrance of the girl herself puts a stop to the hostilities.

III.—Marshall has come south to profit by whatever natural advantages the country possesses, and when *Mary* learns that he seeks to obtain possession of the valley's farms, she goes to him and remonstrates.



VI.—The feeling against *Marshall* has now grown so strong that a crowd of angry mountaineers go in search of him, seeking his life. To warn him, *Mary* risks her own life in a terrible storm, and the young people find love at last.

Tut! Tut! King Tut!



The *High Priest* (*Sam de Grasse*), orders *Arira* (*Carmel Meyers*) thrown to the crocodiles.

Popular fad **created by the opening of *King Tutankhamen's Egyptian tomb* is now responsible for a movie based upon the love of *one of the Pharaohs***

By Grace Greenwood

NOW WE'RE going to find out all the low-down on the Pharaohs! Nothing is to be hidden from the film drama, from the Pharaoh's gods to his hair-cut!

King Tut certainly started something when he came up for air.

And oh, if he could only have seen the motion picture replicas of himself that are going to be ground out on a thousand screens this winter!

The public has the King Tut disorder in virulent form.

Valentino is a pushcart man compared to King Tut.

While the producers are rushing around breathlessly to put on stories of King Tutankhamen, William P. S. Earle went ahead and had his all thought out!

He calls it "King Tutankhamen," and he knows how to pronounce it, too. Also, he knows all the low-down on King Tut, same as you know it about a movie actor, and he can gossip about the old royal dog same as you can talk to your neighbor over the backyard fence.

It is a tabasco tale he tells in "King Tutankhamen," about a lovely little slave girl in the three thousand years ago age, who loved a youth who turned out to be a prince. Of course he did. Cinderella is deathless. But it's all very carefully done, after months of research.

"It will soon be so that the public will be so wise that the producers will have to be very careful how they arrange their birds and button-hooks on the hieroglyphic walls," says Earle. "Somebody in the audience will be sure to burst out laughing at an innocent-looking design on a palace wall, supposed to be a poem or a historic account, but which will turn out to be a laundry list or maybe the advertisement of a fire sale!"

Carmel Myers, who is the slave girl star of "King Tutankhamen," is reading up on all the Egyptian literature, especially about slave girls of the period. She finds that while the ancient Egyptians kidded the gels along that they were a lot in the kingdom, allowing them to own property, and even allowing the crown to descend through the female line, times weren't so good for the flappers. A lord and master thought nothing of bumping a lady off, especially if she was his wife.

And a slave girl! Well, you're probably very romantic about those slave girls. But the truth of the matter is, their beauty, even enhanced by all the perfumes and rouges in the world, lasted only a very little time, after which they could go out and grind the corn, thank you!

Iris Ashton, as *Mimmitta*, makes advances to *Tutankhamen*, which *Berton Grassby*, as the later, repulses.

BUT THEY were clever hussies, those slave girls, about the use of cosmetics and such! In fact, cosmetics and perfumes in use today were many of them devised in the days of the Pharaohs!

A wise little slave girl might keep herself a face-card with the king for some time if she used her wits, but, poor dear, if she allowed herself to grow jealous and envious or bad-tempered, and let the lines of passion ruin her face—or if she allowed herself to grow too fat—heaven help her! She needed the wit of a prime minister and the beauty of a Pola Negri, to keep her little bark afloat. Also, if she could sing, dance and play a musical instrument, it was fine. Then, if she had good luck, she might be passed on to an army officer. Otherwise she might find herself doing the family wash!

Carmel is even going so far as to learn the meaning of the hieroglyphics. So, if you get a nice little note from her, that looks like a kid's idea of a zoo, go look up the meanings of the little animals—like as not Carmel is wishing you a Merry Christmas or a Happy Fourth of July!

And Carmel has joined the Naughty Nude!

She is working in the peek-a-boo scenery for the first time. And I must say the result justifies the experiment. If the producers ever let her put regular clothes on again, they are foolish.

She does a dance before a leopard. In those old days, no household was complete without a leopard or two on the hearthstone.

CARMEL says they are not so good. This leopard clawed her costume, but drew no blood.

"Why, he didn't seem to have any more use for a lady without clothes than a censor has!" declared Carmel.

"How does it seem to be so clothes-less?" I asked Carmel.

"Why, I wear more than a lot of women in a ballroom!" defended Carmel.

Tut, tut, Carmel! I never did see a lady in the ballroom dancing in a bit of chiffon. And besides, there are no breezes in the ballroom.

Every ancient picture has a lot of zoo scenery, and "King Tutankhamen" is to be no exception to the rule. There are rams, elephants and a bunch of crocodiles. The reptiles are there to eat Carmel. But they will be disappointed, as her lover will save her, so they may as well go home and eat up what's left in the house.

They were to have used a flock of chickens in the picture, too—only somebody discovered that chickens hadn't been invented in King Tut's time!

There isn't very much comedy relief in the picture. In fact, among the props ordered for the picture was "half a gallon of glycerine!" But there is a lot of comedy relief around the set.

The rams are a source of comedy as well as of much tearing of hair.

They are being brought in shortly after I arrive. They prove not at all camera wise. There is a scene where the rams work with Bert Grassby, but they chase him about the studio, and nearly make him lose what corresponds to the royal pants when the horns of one of them pierce his nether integuments.

Sam de Grasse, the villain, sets his false beard afire with his big pipe.

"But they put it out," sighed Grassby, when the conflagration was over, "before it did any good!"

How all the actors hate the false hair! Malcolm MacGregor, as the romantic lover, says he loathes his Fauntleroy curls.

Mr. Earle is struggling for a dramatic effect with some of the players.

(*Continued on page* 31)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Vamping Has Its Disadvantages

This cool spring weather may be fine for some of us, but it's pretty hard on the vamps. Carmel Myers, for instance, wouldn't care a bit if it should suddenly get as hot as blazes—at least until she gets through vamping her way through Wm. P. S. Earle's "King Tutankhamen." The kind of clothes the vamps wore back in Tut's time in Egypt were all right for a climate like that, but poor Carmel sneezed and sneezed in her thin garments, caught cold and then went home with the flu.

It Isn't Settled Yet

A waiting world is still waiting to see if Theda Bara is to resume her vampish career on the screen. The Bara-Brabin household is still in a state of disagreement on the subject.

When Theda stepped off the train in Hollywood, the first words the reporters asked her were, "Are you going to return to the screen?"

"Yes, I am," she answered.

"No, she isn't," said Charles Brabin, her husband, in the same moment. "Oh, well," he gave way politely, "let the boys have their story!"

Pretty In Tights!

Poor Arline Pretty! She's been going around with a chronic blush on her face ever since she undertook her role in "Rouged Lips," the Viola Dana picture in which she is playing. She was all a-flutter, when, according to instructions, she appeared on the set in tights, and admitted blushingly that it was the first time she had ever worn such frivolous garments.

However, her friends assured her, she need have no misgivings for the way she looked in tights!

All Over a First Name

Derelys—or Ann—Perdue, is just as mad as she can be. So mad she has gone to court to air her troubles. And all over such a seemingly little thing as her first name, which naturally is not so little as far as she is concerned. For, it seems, Robertson-Cole insist on calling her Ann, which she declares doesn't suit her at all.

Miss Perdue related that she had written the F. B. O. office in New York, pleading with them not to change her name of Derelys, as Ann didn't go at all well with the Perdue. The office wrote back to her that the screen wanted simplicity.

"But," Miss Perdue replied, "does the screen really want simplicity? If so, why the Barbara La Marrs, the Nita Naldis, and others with their fancy names and clothes? You have exploited me as an exotic type. Why wish the name Ann on me?"

In her complaint to the court, Miss Perdue explains that she is of an artistic and exotic type, and the name Derelys is much more fitting than such a plain and commonplace name as Ann. Besides, she declares, she has already made somewhat of a name for herself as a dancer under the moniker of Derelys Perdue. She further claims that the worry and mental anguish over the change in her name caused her to lose ten pounds of flesh, which she can ill afford. Some ladies we know would gladly forego those ten pounds.

CLARENCE BULL.

Here's a *Busch* that's bare even though it's the end of *May*.

The Kerry-Neilan Bout

It must have been a lively party that Gloria Swanson gave one night recently, because Marshall Neilan emerged with a badly nicked countenance. The trouble, it seems, arose over some kidding remarks of Neilan's addressed to Norman Kerry, which Norman resented. It appeared that Neilan objected to Norman's companion at the party.

No one observed just how many rounds the scrap lasted.

Cupid and Constance

One of the friendships that is being heavily discussed in Hollywood is the devotion shown to Constance Talmadge by Irving Thalberg. He sends her roses on all occasions and they are seen together constantly. Both deny, however, that the friendship is anything but platonic.

A Playmate for Jackie

Little Jackie Coogan won't have to play hopscotch all alone any more. He has a new little playmate. His mother, Mrs. Jackie Coogan, has taken to her heart and home little Priscilla Dean Moran, an adorable wee beauty of three. Priscilla's mother, Mrs. Leo Moran, wife of a picture exhibitor of Sedalia, Mo., recently died of tuberculosis, and her father brought the youngster to Los Angeles the other day.

Jackie is delighted, as he doesn't even have to waste time getting acquainted with Priscilla, having known her a year ago when her family were in the west. The children played together then and Jackie is very fond of her.

During the mother's illness, Dorothy Dalton took care of the little girl in New York.

A Psychic Sweetheart

Barbara La Marr is now somebody's psychic sweetheart. He signs himself Mr. E. Y., and his letters come from Santa Barbara. He sent her a fluptious box of flowers yesterday.

His letter enclosed several clippings bearing on the subject of psychic sweethearts, and he said he never wanted to meet her, he just wanted to know that psychically she was his'n.

Movie-mad Girl's own story provides Scenario

Marian Mack visits Hollywood and her *hard luck experiences* seeking employment form the plot of "*Mary of the Movies*"

By Paul Rochester

A colorful scene from "*Mary of the Movies*," the new picture of life in Hollywood.

SPEAKING of dreams coming true, let's speak of Marian Mack.

Marian Mack a year ago was no more than you and I—a movie fan, a girl from Texas, a girl who wanted to get into the movies and who was willing to work her darndest and suffer and toil, for the sake of appearing before the camera.

Today Marian is a star. Better still, Marian is a star telling her own story in pictures.

The picture is "Mary of the Movies," and it tells the tale of Marian herself, how she struggled to get to Hollywood, how she struggled after she got there, and how, in the end, success crowned her efforts.

As *Mary of the Movies, Marian Mack* suffers many trials and tribulations.

"Mary of the Movies" is the first movie tale to come to the screen which tells in pictures the story of an extra girl's life. Other Hollywood pictures have been far-fetched, or they have exploited a certain angle of the movie capital. "Mary of the Movies" is nothing less than the story of a real girl's difficulties and how she surmounted them.

MARIAN MACK a little over a year ago decided that she wanted to be a movie star. She was a small town girl, and she met with all the antagonism which small town people show toward pictures. Her folks declared that she was a fool, that her chances of success were nil. Her townspeople lifted their eyebrows and gossiped, when they heard the news.

But Marian had enough money to get to Hollywood and enough confidence in herself to make the effort. She met with the usual luck of the extra girl. She visited one studio after another. She visited one agent after another. Occasionally she met with rebuffs. Occasionally she was given a few days' work.

She met the wrong sort of movie producer, those who make promises and then do nothing to make the promises good. She met with the right sort of movie producer, the man who would give every poor extra girl a job if he could, but who has no job to offer. And meantime her funds were getting lower and lower.

Because Marian was a girl who wanted to make good wholly on her own efforts, she was liked by many of the stars she met, and she won the friendship of an upstanding young fellow. But she would accept no charitable assistance and a misunderstanding separated her from her boy friend, with the result that she was alone in Hollywood. Apparently the warning of her folks back home had come true.

So, dropping all aspirations to become a star, she obtained a job in a studio cafeteria. There she met the stars and she wrote home telling her folks that she had had lunch with ZaSu Pitts, Carmel Myers, Miss Dupont and others, when she really had only seen them eating or had served them.

Her folks believed her, but one of the so-called friends who had pretended to be in love with her, guessed that she was lying and determined to visit Hollywood to find out what she was really doing. He almost caught her in her role of waitress, but with the aid of Miss Dupont, she deceived him, making him believe that she was really a star. But he did catch her in a lie, and he returned to Texas prepared to expose her and to force her family to order her home.

Then, just as her opportunities were at an end, a producer who had interviewed her once suddenly found himself in the need of a girl of her type. He recalled her earnestness and sent for her. Given a chance, she showed her merit.

THIS is the story of "Mary of the Movies," a story which parallels fact. Jack Cohn was the producer. When he was about to make a new picture last winter, he met Marian Mack and was so taken with her type and her ability that he decided to give her a chance. She had told him her story, how she had tried to get a job as an extra and had failed, and how she had worked in a cafeteria.

"I can use you," Mr. Cohn told her.

"But what story will I play in?" she asked.

"Why not in your own story?" he suggested.

So a scenario writer put Marian Mack's story down on paper, added a few incidents, and now we shall see it on the screen as "Mary of the Movies."

Creighton Hale plays the leading role opposite Mary. Others in the cast include many of the leading players in Hollywood. A dozen stars play bits in support of Mary and another dozen play leading parts.

What Famous Players is doing is always of interest to fans. At present the biggest production on the Lasky lot at Hollywood, is Cecil B. De Mille's version of the Ten Commandments, which is to be released under its Biblical name. So far the picture has cost six hundred chariots and three thousand costumes, but it has no cast.

Productions which are being completed are Pola Negri's "The Cheat"; George Melford's "Salomy Jane"; Charles Maigne's "The Silent Partner"; Gloria Swanson and George Fitzmaurice's "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"; James Cruze's "Hollywood"; Jerome Storm's "Children of Jazz"; and Walter Hiers' "Fair Week."

Mary Astor arrived in Hollywood and will begin work at the Lasky lot in "To the Ladies."

Where Fan Meets Fan

Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to Life's Problem Department, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I have the greatest secret to tell you. Rudolph Valentino is bald-headed! Honest!

He and his bride appeared here in person in "Australian Tango." He got my $2.25 for a ten-minute dance. I was just wondering if it was worth it. He advertised that the ballroom would be thrown open for two hours and he would mingle and dance with the public, which he didn't do. I have a friend who paid $165 for a frock to dance with him and I don't think he even saw her. That was funny, wasn't it?

All our leading paper had to say of the occasion was that his bald head was the brightest spot about him and the closest he had been to Australia was Los Angeles.

Now I want to ask you, wasn't that cruel of our Rudolph? I'll say it was unfair. I know he read our papers and the horrid things they said, and I want to assure him everyone doesn't think as the editors do. Our town (Wichita, Kans.), is inhabited by 100,000 and that is the best it could hand an artist like him. I am thinking seriously of changing my address. Ha!

I.

Look at This, Bebe

The fact that I have always grouped my adjectives about Bebe Daniels as petite, charming, winsome and overwhelming, is not due to the fact that she is from my own home town, but simply because she is all those things.

When she appeared at one of our local theatres about a year ago, I learned to love her. She is ideal; she portrays youth in her every movement, unaffected; she has that penetrating personality, that indescribable something which, when she steps before her audience, captivates and charms—yes, even sends a quivering thrill which races down one's backbone—never to be forgotten.

She is the star of today and shall be of the morrow.

Dainty, demure yet vivid—Bebe Daniels.

Mignon.

Fan Gives Three Cheers for the MacDonalds

About a year ago I went to Hollywood and I have met about every movie star in person. The best ones were Doris May and Wallace MacDonald. I saw them while filming "The Understudy."

While I never spoke to them, I know of them, as my girl friend back home has been corresponding with them. They are wonderful to her, they even sent her two beautiful boxes of candy. She calls them her fairy god-parents. They certainly are a wonderful couple and they are bringing happiness into the life of an unfortunate young lady.

Three cheers for Wallace MacDonald and Doris May!

Florence Alice.

The Gish Sisters in Person

Quite a while ago in Boston, I met the Gish girls at the opening of their picture, "Orphans of the Storm." Between the first and second part of the picture, Mr. Griffith brought them out on the stage and said that anyone who wished to meet them could wait after the picture.

When the picture was over I waited with mother (who knew them both), until almost everyone had gone, and she introduced me to them. I found them very interesting and sweet.

Lillian seemed quiet and dainty. Dorothy seemed as if she liked to smile and laugh; they are both very pretty and winsome.

Nancy Sheldon.

She Waited Back-Stage for Rudolph

I never let an opportunity pass when I can have the pleasure of seeing cinema people, as I am a lover of them all.

**Twinkle, twinkle, *Marjorie Daw*,
Upholding of the traffic law.
Whadd'ye mean, "No parking here!"
They'll come a-flockin', never fear.**

I consider myself quite fortunate in meeting such stars as follows: Thomas Meighan, Eugene O'Brien, Montagu Love, Douglas Fairbanks, Earle Williams, Allan Holubar, director; Dorothy Phillips, Lillian Walker, Marguerite Marsh, Zena Keefe, Hope Hampton, Virginia Valli and Ruth Roland.

The greatest thrill of all, though, was when Rudolph Valentino and his very charming wife, Natacha Rambova, came to this city. After the performance which they gave, I went to the stage door entrance and had the pleasure of coming face to face with this screen idol. He proved to be all and much more of what I anticipated.

Trudie.

Thomas Meighan Sees the Play

Quite some time ago, when the "Night Watch" was playing at the Century Theatre, my continuous desire was fulfilled by my incidentally having an opportunity to see my choice movie actor in person.

I was sitting in about the eleventh row in the orchestra when, during intermission, my attention was attracted by two well-built gentlemen coming up the aisle. I immediately recognized one of them as Thomas Meighan, and, in my opinion, he appeared exactly the same in reality as on the screen. If possible, I never miss seeing any pictures in which he plays, as I know they will always be worth my while.

In conclusion, will say, I was very pleased to have chosen the same night to see the "Night Watch" as Thomas Meighan did and trust an occasion will arise when I may have a little chat with him.

Catherine Kantlehner.

Let's See That Gown, Anita

Nothing ever thrilled me more than the time I took a stroll with a friend, on the avenue, and without the least thought of meeting an actress of nation-wide popularity, I pointed to a woman who was approaching us. She was dressed out of the ordinary, which, of course, attracted my eye immediately. As my friend is noted in theatrical circles for her exquisite gowns, this particular gown did not impress her. I, on the other hand, just stared in amazement, and was immediately drawn towards her, for there was nothing pretentious about her attire. I became very excited and I screamed, "There's Anita Stewart." She did not even look up, which caused me some disappointment.

But I am sure her thoughts were occupied elsewhere at the time, for immediately after that I wrote her asking her to send me her photograph, which she did.

Shirley Berkowitz.

She's Been Seeing Stars!

The star I got the greatest thrill at seeing was, I think, Earle Williams. It was just at the time that Mr. Williams was THE reigning idol and, though only fourteen, I had a mad crush on him! He made a personal appearance at a local theatre and I went early, sat in the first row and listened to him speak in that very deep voice of his.

The most beautiful of the ones I've seen, I think, was Bessie Barriscale. Her coloring is exquisite and she is dainty and charming.

Just two weeks ago I saw Rudolph Valentino and his wife. Up to that time I'd been like all other young, impressionable females—I had a "case" on him; but when you see him and hear him speak, you can't help but lose all that foolishness, and in it's place you have a deep, warm, lasting admiration for a sincere, conscientious, superb artist. And just can't he dance! Besides those mentioned, I've seen: Anita Stewart, Bushman and Bayne, Gladden James, Violet Heming, Olga Petrova, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, Theodore Kosloff, Howard Hickman, Florence Reed, Jean Acker and Pearl White.

"P. G.—West Orange, N. J."

"The Love-Hungry HEART"

The second gripping instalment of "*The Life Story of a Movie Actress*" portraying a young girl's struggle against *the temptations of the world* of gilt and tinsel

By Mary Jessop

What has gone before:

Rita Rogers is one of two daughters of a rich Chicago stock broker. While she is yet a baby, her mother dies, and she is brought up under the watchful eye of her sister, Grace. Shortly after Rita's coming out party, her father loses all his money, and a few months later he dies of typhoid fever. Rita and Grace are forced to sell their jewels and move to a small flat in the cheaper section of the city.

The man Grace was to marry proves to have been only a fortune hunter and he throws her over. So Grace decides to move to New York, where she and Rita "lose themselves." They rent a small flat in upper Manhattan, after Grace secures a position in a smart women's shop, and Rita becomes a salesgirl at the pattern counter of the department store of Ward & Allen.

Grace forbids Rita to meet any young men and Rita is having a difficult and unhappy time. Unused to the rigors of her new job, she is worn and tired, and consequently makes many errors. One day, after things had gone particularly badly for her, she is summoned to the manager's office—Mr. Allen. He recognizes her as the daughter of his old friend — Rita's father — and after getting the story of the Rogers girls' misfortunes, he insists that Rita take a month's vacation with pay. Rita impulsively kisses Mr. Allen and he warns her to be careful in the future how she thanks men who do her kindnesses.

WELL, the middle of the following week I was on my way South where I spent three happy, restful weeks. I wasn't sent to a hotel but to a modest little home owned by a fine old married couple. They fed me plain but nourishing food, I had plenty of good fresh air to breathe, and came back completely built up.

But my sister was cross when she saw me. She had had no rest, poor girl, and was tired and worn out. Besides, I looked younger than I was while she looked older than she really was, and that old jealousy of me, for which she could not be entirely blamed, flared up with renewed fire.

"You look fine, little girl," Mr. Allen said when he saw me. "You sure look like a new girl. And now how would a job in the glove department suit you? I think you'd be an asset to the first floor and they can soon teach you about ladies' gloves."

"Oh Mr. Allen," I cried. "I've got to kiss you." I knelt before him as he sat in the usual swivel chair, and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him. "I can't help it," I apologized. "I'm lonely and you remind me of my father and you're the only person in the world who has been sorry for me or kind to me since he's gone."

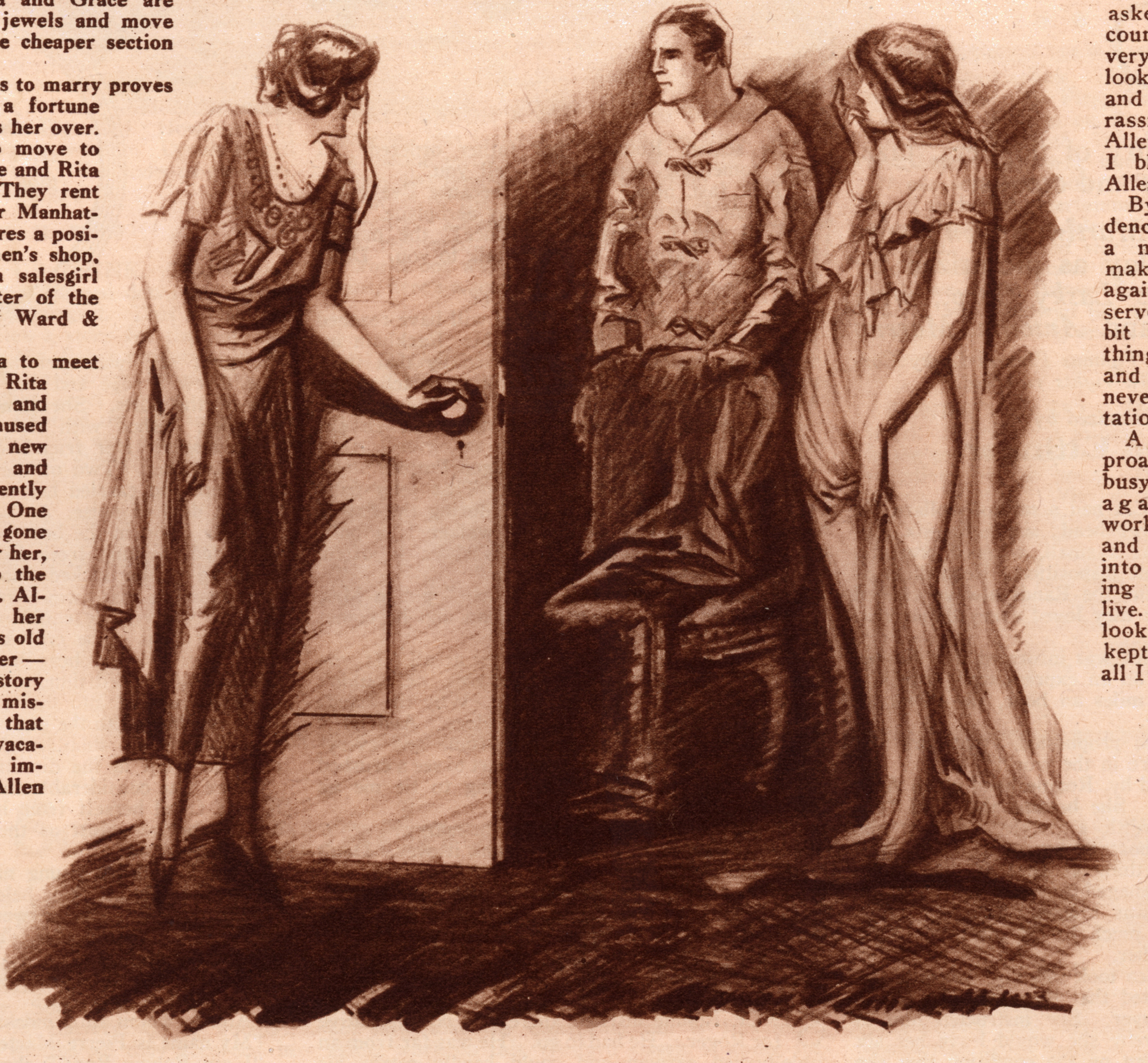
"How old are you?" he asked with a tolerant smile. "You seem very, very young and very, very sweet and natural."

"I'm twenty-one."

A strange, thoughtful expression came over his face. "I wish you were not so young," he finally said slowly. "But don't feel afraid of me. If you just naturally have to fly at someone and kiss them, better be me than some other man. I'm not altogether a bad man, Rita."

"Oh, I know you're not," I cried, kissing him again and putting my cheek against his. "You're a very, very good man, and I'm not afraid of you."

"Perhaps you'd better be a little bit afraid of me, but not so afraid of me as the other men. You're just a bit difficult, Rita." He helped me to my feet and smilingly added that now I should report to Miss Ramsey at the glove counter.



***Mrs. Carey* stood facing us with a grim smile. "So I've caught you. Pack up and get out," she said.**

I DIDN'T have a chance to talk to Mr. Allen for a long time. There seemed to be no excuse sufficient to justify my going to him and I had learned during my stay in the store that it was considered unethical for us to attempt to see either of the owners of the business. When they wanted to see an employee, they'd send for him. I rather expected he would send for me but months went by and he didn't and things went on about the same except that I enjoyed my work more than I had previously done.

One day a man stopped to buy a pair of gloves for his wife. He was large and middle-aged and good-natured and pretended to like me. In a few days he came back for another pair.

"How about dinner with me tonight?" he asked, leaning over the counter. His eyes were very close to mine. I looked away from him and found, to my embarrassment, that Robert Allen was watching us. I blushed scarlet. Mr. Allen passed on.

By a strang coincidence another time when a man was trying to make a date with me, again Robert Allen observed us. It seemed a bit unfair because such things were the exception and not the rule and I never accepted their invitations.

As Christmas approached we were so busy in the store that I again became overworked. I was so tired and morbid that I fell into the habit of wondering how long I would live. I again began to look pale and thin, but I kept on living, for after all I was a healthy young animal, healthier than my sister who, when she contracted pneumonia as a result of getting frightfully wet on her way home from work one night, lived but a few days.

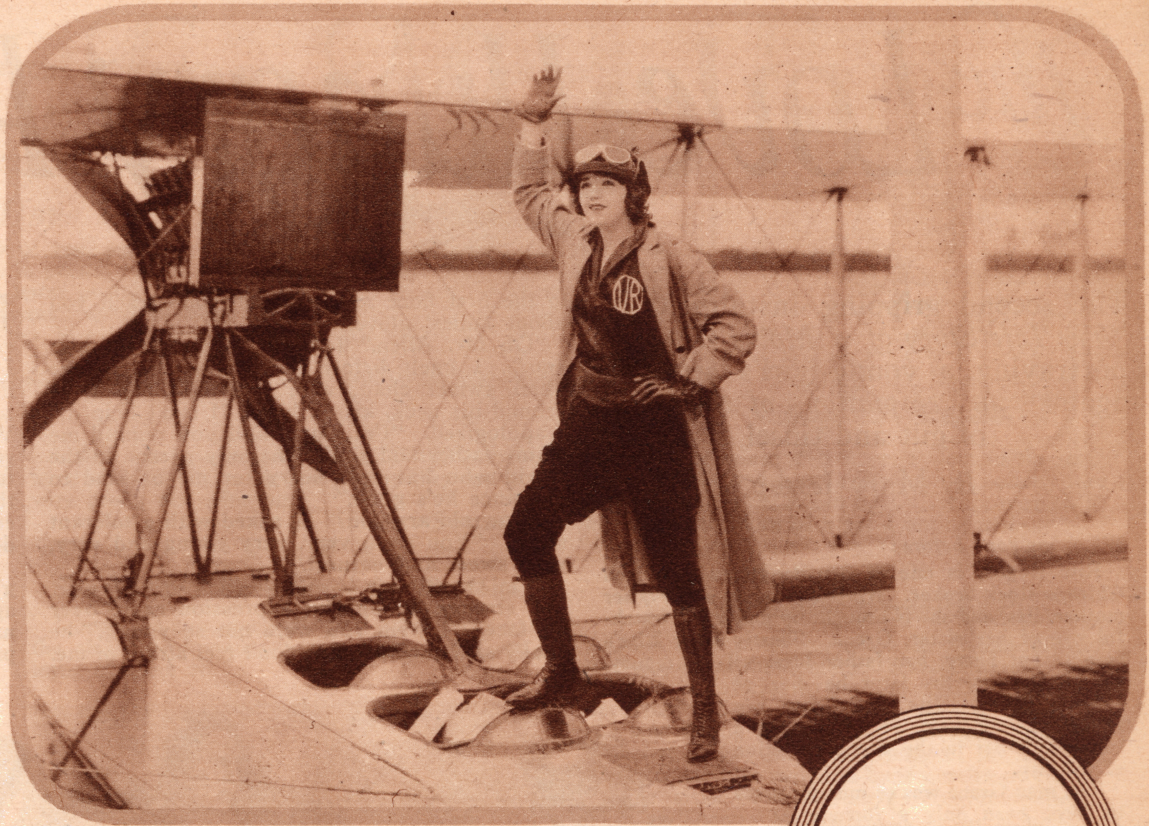
While there had been little real love between us she had been practically my only companion out of working hours since we had come to New York, always guarding me with eagle-eyed watchfulness, ready to swoop down on both me and whoever appeared to notice me.

NOW I missed this companionship and my life was emptier and more lonely than ever before. So it was the most natural thing in the world that when one of the men in Mrs. Carey's boarding house where we had lived for the past year, asked to take me to the theatre, I gladly went.

He was a reporter on a newspaper and his name was Fred Randall. He was always smartly dressed, was good looking and excellent company. All the women in the boarding-

(*Continued on page 30*)

"The EXCITERS"



"Let's go, *Parson!*" cried *Ronnie*, stepping into the aeroplane.

A smashing story of flappers, jazz, money and crooks.

Adapted from *Martin Brown's* successful stage play as picturized by *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*, with *Bebe Daniels* and *Antonio Moreno*

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Fictionized by

Edward Ettinger

AUNT VERONICA had a million dollars for each tooth in her head; six teeth—six millions. She was a small, wizened creature, with an irritable disposition. Regardless of how she annoyed them, the Rands always greeted her with a smile, for they loved every dollar that she possessed.

When Aunt Veronica was informed that Ronnie Rand had been born on an express train traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, she threw up her hands in despair.

"Sure as fate," she prophesied, "that girl will be the wildest creature in the world."

As the years passed by, Ronnie lived up to Aunt Veronica's prophecy. She became the chief "exciter" at Miami. With a reckless daring, she went in for motor boat racing, aquaplaning and aeroplane riding, anything at all that represented speed. How she managed to save her neck, no one knew, for she was always attempting some new daredevil stunt, much to the alarm of Aunt Veronica, who loved her.

When Aunt Veronica took sick and was confined to her bed, she insisted that they call Mr. Rackham, the family lawyer. She instructed him to draw up a will whereby she would leave her six millions to Ronnie, but on the condition that she be married before her twenty-first birthday.

Aunt Veronica lived just long enough to sign the will.

A few months later, Hilary Rand, Mrs. Rand, Ermintrude, and Lawyer Rackham had assembled in the library of the Rand Home

"Della," Mrs. Rand called to the maid, "please tell Ronnie to come here at once."

"I doubt very much whether we'll have easy sailing," Mr. Rand remarked when the maid had left.

"We must be firm, Hilary. Ronnie has had her way long enough."

"Hello, everybody!" Ronnie shouted, as she entered the room. "What is this? A war conference? Bring on the daggers!"

"Be seated, Ronnie," her father ordered. "I have something important to tell you."

"Talk fast, now," she said, "because I've got a new stunt I want to try with my aeroplane."

"Will you be sensible for once!" the mother broke in. "Father is trying to talk to you. Don't interrupt, please!"

"All right. Go ahead. Shoot!"

"Ronnie within two weeks you will have reached your twenty-first birthday. As Mr. Rackham informs me, unless you are married by that time, you forfeit the six million dollars which Aunt Veronica left for you."

"I suppose that means you want me to get married?"

"Yes, and I would suggest Roger Patton."

"What?" exclaimed Ronnie. "That jelly fish! Why, the hardest work he does during the day is to yawn. His idea of a fast walker is a pallbearer. If he didn't change his shoes so often, he'd have moss growing on them."

"He is a very refined young man," put in Mrs. Rand. "He is a perfect gentleman and he comes of a very fine family."

"I know, but he has no speed at all. If you gave him a handicap of forty yards, he couldn't beat a snail in a fifty-yard dash. Why the hands of a clock move faster than he does. And he is so temperamental, smells of perfume and everything. It breaks his dear little heart to see a crushed flower. Say, what are you trying to tie me up to? An Egyptian mummy?"

"Well, then, whom else will you marry?"

"I don't know. I'll have to think it over. Don't rush me, please."

"Why aren't you fair with Roger? You never care to take him with you. I'm sure if you went out with him more, you'd like him better."

"All right, I'll take him with me in the motor boat race tomorrow."

SINCE Ronnie insisted, there was no alternative for Roger. He had to go. He was far from an able-bodied seaman and could hardly retain his balance on the boat. Ronnie took the wheel. At the crack of the pistol, they were off. Ronnie kept that motor spinning for all it was worth. She got every drop of speed out of it that she could. She had but one mania—speed. The motor boat traveled at a terrific rate. Roger's head was in a whirl. He was getting sicker and sicker every minute. He hung on to the boat with both hands to keep from tumbling out. His stomach asserted itself in a rather unpleasant manner.

"Hold on tight, there!" Ronnie cautioned him as she looked back and saw his predicament. "We never stop for anything that falls overboard, no matter how much it's mother loves it."

Ronnie flew across the finishing line first. Another victory to her credit. As she drew up to the pier, she was met by deafening applause. She threw a rope and one of the men tied it to one of the posts. She jumped from her boat to the pier, flushed with victory and forgetting all about Roger. Her friends encircled her and congratulated her. Two of the men put her on their shoulders and carried her to the club house, amid a great deal of noise.

Roger stood in the boat somewhat shakily. He attempted to jump from the boat to the pier, but in doing so he kicked back with his left foot. This sent the boat away from the pier and he fell into the water. He could not swim a stroke and cried for help. The crowd was making so much noise they did not hear him. As he was going down for the third time, a young man ran over to the pier, jumped into the water and saved him.

He climbed on to the pier with Roger and throwing him over his shoulder as one would a sack of flour, he went in the direction of the club house.

There was considerable shouting and noise there. Ronnie freed herself from her friends and rushed out on the lawn just as the young man came up with Roger.

"Here," said the young man, dropping his burden on the ground, "this belongs to you."

"Thank you," she answered smilingly, "but I don't see my name on it. You are welcome to it if you want it."

"Thanks, I'm not collecting curios."

She laughed.

"And to whom am I indebted for this offering?"

"My name is Pierre Martel," he stated.

"I am Ronnie Rand," she informed him.

Ronnie eyed this mysterious stranger carefully. He was very good-looking. He had such fine eyes and such sparkling white teeth. Even though he was drenched, he presented a handsome appearance. Quite a contrast to Roger, who resembled a drenched hen.

Pierre had been appraising her at the same time. He thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"You'll pardon me," he said, "but I feel an ambition to change my clothes. I don't feel a bit comfortable in this wet outfit."

"I'm so sorry to have caused you any trouble," she said. "You must come to see me sometime."

"Thank you, I will."

(*Continued on page 31*)

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . We hear. That the "Girl of the Golden West." The Belasco stage play. Is nearing completion. And will shortly be offered. By First National. As an Edwin Carewe Production. The press sheet by which First National. Informs the universe. Of the respective merits of the screen production. Contains some interesting information. In chart form. On a percentage basis. The excellence is listed. Giving the cast 10 per cent. The stage play 20 per cent. The production 20 per cent. And Edwin Carewe 50 per cent. How, we wonder. In giving the stage play 20 per cent. The cast 10 per cent. And Edwin Carewe 50 per cent. Do these picture people. Get those ways?

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GEORGE D. BAKER. The well-known director. According to the press. Has selected his cast for "The Magic Skin." The screen version of the classic novel by the immortal Balzac. We remember the time. We read "The Magic Skin." Only, if our memory serves us. It was then called "The Wild Ass's Skin." Titles, it would seem. That are interchangeable! However. If the producers of the screen version. Decide to call it by its better known title. We know of someone. Who could play the leading part.

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WHICH MAKES US THINK. That George D. Baker. Once almost jumped down our throat. Because we ventured to suggest. That a friend of ours. Who had written a story for the Saturday Evening Post. Which Mr. Baker produced. Would do well to concentrate exclusively on writing for the screen. As neither short stories nor stage plays, we contended. Offered the best screen possibilities. And although that was more than three years ago. We haven't changed our opinion. A bit. Since.

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"THE BAD MAN." The stage play by Porter Emerson Browne. Is to be made into a picture. By First National. "The Bad Man." Folks with good memories will recall. Was a comic supplement of Pancho Villa. The Mexican gentleman. Who was so active during our interval. Of "watchful waiting." But although the play was delightfully droll. Rumor had it. That its original intention. Was wholly serious. And that the comic key of its presentation. Was a happy afterthought. Well! As to this, we can't say. We only hope that in its screen presentation. The producers won't revert to its original form. Sometimes the movies. Take life so seriously.

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"WITHIN THE LAW." The photoplay that has just been made. From the well-known melodrama. Starring Norma Talmadge. Was recently shown up in Sing Sing Prison. Among those present at the preview. Sponsors, as it were. For its presentation. Were Beulah Livingstone. And Lew Cody. And Gladys Hall. Well! Upon the return. Which was accomplished by a sight-seeing bus. A policeman hailed them. For exceeding the speed limit. Bawling the question: "Do you want to go to jail?" At which Miss Hall answered: "We've just come from there!"

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PROFESSOR KRAUSE. An eminent Berlin surgeon. Has just performed an operation. Before the motion picture camera. In which the brain of a man was removed. The good doctor. Laid bare the brain of the patient. And then after severing a section. Closed up the works again. And the man recovered. Is there not a thought there? If it works one way. Why will it not work another? Fans, here's a screen star. Page Professor Krause!

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"TOL'ABLE DAVID." The picturization of Joseph Hergesheimer's short story. Will be shown, it is reported. In the country residence of Lloyd George. The ex-premier. Of the British Empire. Mr. George, it is said. Is fond of the movies. And frequently sees them. In his own home. With Jeeves, his chauffeur. Operating the projection machine. Well! If the Hon. Lloyd George. Likes "Tol'able David." As much as we did. We shall feel that the English people. Suffered an even greater loss. Than they have. Since he ceased being premier.

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LAST WEEK. We mentioned a play of Clare Kummer. In which a dear old lady. Revealed as her life ambition. The creation of a park. For elderly animals. Where, as the old lady phrased it. The elderly animals could be wild. In a *nice* way. By some error. The word nice. Became new. And slipped by. Our vigilant eye. Well! As we have enough of a name. For general dumbness already. We don't wish to add to our reputation. Unnecessarily.

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BETTY BLYTHE. According to the press. Will offer as her final screen production. Under the auspices of Whitman Bennett. A picture called "Why Men Marry." A title, by the way. Which was changed. From "The Girl Who Got Everything." So! But can it be. That in this candid age. Betty and her confreres. In selecting the title of "Why Men Marry." Are at last going. To reveal the reason?

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THE OTHER DAY. We attended a luncheon. At the Ritz-Carlton. That was a joint entertainment affair. By First National. And Samuel Goldwyn. Who is on the point of making two notable productions. Which First National will distribute. We have attended divers luncheons. Of one sort or another. But never have we enjoyed such real entertainment. As that which was offered gratis. By Alexander Carr. And Barney Bernard. Who told stories. And recited poems. Did we say Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard? Well, we meant Barney Bernard. And Alexander Carr. Mr. Goldwyn has trouble enough already. Without our adding more.

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CONRAD NAGEL. Has returned to Hollywood. Following a sojourn in New York. Where in the course of his receptions. To various representatives of the press. He received one from Movie Weekly. Who quoted Conrad Nagel as saying. That Hollywood was a hick town. And now from Hollywood. Comes Conrad's statement. That he never referred to Hollywood as a hick town. That he had been greatly misquoted. Et cetera, et cetera. Well! Never mind, Conrad. Just for that, we'll say. That New York is a hick town. Which, in many ways. We honestly think it is. And we won't care. Whose feelings it hurts. Either.

Screen Shadows of Coming Events

H. A. SNOW, the man who made "Hunting Big Game in Africa," has announced that the next record that he brings back with him from Africa, on his second photographic expedition after big game, will be an auditory as well as a visual one. This means that Mr. Snow will carry along a phonograph so that the conversation of gorillas, hyenas, lions, et al., will be all duly recorded in wax just as their pictures are preserved in gelatine. Mr. Snow will visit Indo-China and other pleasant places, where you have to kick the cobras out of the way in order to find a place to sit down.

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"SAWDUST," the new picture of circus life which is being picturized from a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper, is rapidly nearing completion in Universal City. The picture, in which Gladys Walton is starring, enjoys the peculiar distinction of having an author and a director, both of whom were to the circus born. Both Mr. Cooper, who wrote the story, and Jack Conway, who directed it, served a long apprenticeship in the sawdust ring before they took up their respective careers of writing and directing.

"SALOMY JANE," the Bret Harte story that was made into a stage play by Paul Armstrong, is coming along nicely up at Boulder Creek, California, where the company is working on location under the direction of George Melford. Some inclement weather delayed matters for a few days, but now that the California sun is functioning again, work on this Western classic is going forward with a rush.

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BERT LYTELL, according to Howe and Conlon, is completing work on the last few scenes in "The Meanest Man in the World." Bert expects to leave for New York shortly, where he will begin work on the first of the "Lone Wolf" series, from the famous stories by Louis Joseph Vance. Bert recently finished "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson. His appearance as the Wolf once more is awaited with interest.

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MARY ASTOR, the little lady who recently signed a five-year contract with Paramount, has started work at Hollywood in "To the Ladies," the screen version of the successful stage play in which she will be co-featured with Robert Agnew. Miss Astor is not yet twenty-one.

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"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE" will be Jack Holt's next starring vehicle, following the completion of his work in "The Cheat."

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POLA NEGRI'S next vehicle will be "The Spanish Dancer," a photoplay based upon the famous play, "Don Caesar de Bazan," and directed by Herbert Brenon. The latter has made an exhaustive study of the Spanish customs and dress of the period in which the story is laid.

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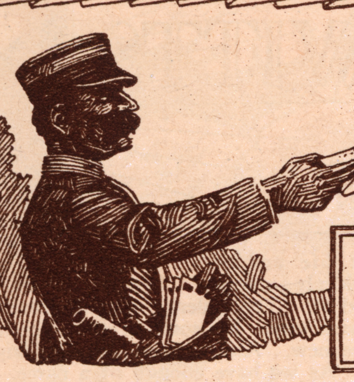
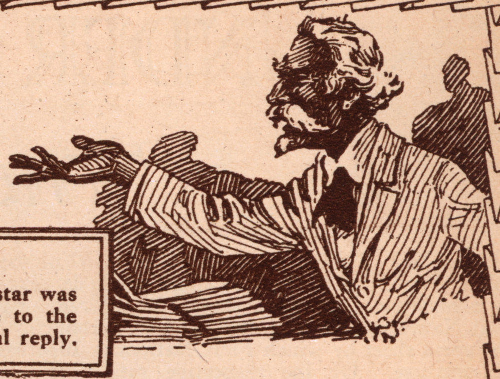
THOMAS MEIGHAN is getting ready to begin work on "Homeward Bound," which was adapted by Jack Cunningham, from Peter B. Kyne's novel, "The Light to Leeward." Ralph Ince will start directing the Meighan vehicle before he finishes Dorothy Dalton's new picture, which will find him engaged on two productions at the same time.



Fan Is Interested In Ben Turpin



ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

MOLLIE—Certainly I'll take time to publish your addresses. It isn't time it takes, but space. Gloria Swanson's address is Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Write to Barbara la Marr at Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. and Jacqueline Logan at the Paramount Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

POCAHONTAS—I see you've been studying your history. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. He has blond hair. He lives at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. A large picture of him has never appeared in Movie Weekly. Pictures of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" appeared in the issues for October 14, 1922. Back numbers of the magazine can be obtained from Movie Weekly for ten cents apiece.

LOVELY EYES—Yet you're interested in Ben Turpin! Well, I suppose you like contrasts. Ben's address is 5560 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.

ALICE—All the women you ask about are not screen actresses, so I have no description of them. Dorothy Dalton is five feet three, Dorothy Gish three inches shorter. Dolores Cassinelli is five feet seven.

A MOVIE FAN—So you won't believe I have long whiskers until you see them? I suppose it's up to me to rent myself a set before you drop into the office. No, Richard Dix is not married. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four years old and is married to Gloria Hope. They live at 955 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles. Yes, I think it was her own hair that Edith Roberts wore in "Thorns and Orange Blossoms." Malcolm MacGregor is married and has a little daughter.

DIMPLES—I suppose you laugh often so the dimples will show. Write to Claire Windsor for her picture at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.

PEACHES—But I hope that doesn't mean you have a stony heart. No, Thomas Meighan hasn't any children. He is over twenty-one, they tell me. Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana's sister, has been living in England for the past few years, though she and her husband, Harold Shaw, recently moved to Hollywood.

R. S. V. P.—No, indeed, my professional pride, as you call it, doesn't keep me from reading other magazines besides Movie Weekly. It would be too bad if my professiinal pride should make my brain so ingrowing. The Art Series pictures are still being published, only, as you notice, we use two one-page pictures each week instead of one double-page picture. Pictures of your favorite appeared on the following dates: Constance Talmadge, Feb. 19, 1921; Norma, Dec. 31, 1921; William S. Hart, Feb. 26, 1921; Viola Dana, Aug. 8, 1922; and Mabel Normand, Nov. 26, 1921.

POLLY—Here, boy, buy us a box of crackers. Ramon Novarro is twenty-two. Write him for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Yes, Edward Burns played in "Jazzmania." He lives at 1835 Whitley Ave., Hollywood.

***The Colonel*—With apologies to *Baby Peggy*.**

NILE QUEEN—I don't know whether I should allow a Nile queen in my perfectly proper column. Niles Welch plays first with one company and then another, so it's very hard to keep track of his pictures. His latest appearance was in "What Wives Want." He lives at 7517 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. He is thirty-five years old and six feet tall.

SUE DEAR—The idea of calling me an old roue beause you didn't see the answers to your letters—you probably looked too soon—but, anyway, what has an old roue got to do with it? Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist" was played by George Seigmann. Joseph Swickard played old Madariaga, the Centaur in "The Four Horsemen." The title role in the Vitagraph production of "The Little Minister" was played by Jimmie Morrison. I never heard of a Katherine Murphy on the screen.

CUTIE—So I was sarcastic the last time you wrote Well, that must be because I ate griddle cakes for breakfast—bad idea that, eating griddle cakes for breakfast. Ramon Novarro is not married; you can write him for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Rudolph lives at 50 W. 67th St., New York.

AHMED BEN HASSAN—So you're a sheik? I suppose you have sandy hair. Barbara La Marr is married to Phil Ainsworth, but if you're such a sheik that shouldn't scare you off. Her next picture is "The Law Bringers," and Agnes Ayres' next is "The Heart Raiders." Ramon Novarro is working in "Scaramouche."

MEG MATHIS—Well, some of the things you guessed about me were right, and then again I'll have to mark you zero on others. After all, you'd have to be a mind reader to guess all of them. No, Wallace Reid never started "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime." The last picture he began was "Nobody's Money," which was finally made with Jack Holt as the star. I have no way of telling where "A Gentleman of Leisure" is playing; your local film distributing office could probably give you that information.

CAPTAIN JANUARY 23—Am I going to have that contest? What contest? As you say you are a "cake-eater," perhaps you mean a cake-eating contest. Richard Barthelmess' pictures are made at various studios rented for the occasion. "The Bright Shawl" was filmed at the Tilford Studio, 344 W. 44th St., New York. As Fatty Arbuckle sold his home, I don't know his personal address. Write him at the Comique Film Co., Long Beach, Cal. Pauline Frederick's mail can be sent to the Selwyn Theatre, New York City.

MARY—Of course it goes without saying that you're contrary. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado Springs, in 1884. I think his retirement from the screen is permanent. He is six feet tall. He lives at the Town House Hotel, 71 Central Park West, but I would not send any money for his photograph as he seldom answers his fan mail—no, he's not stuck up, but just neglectful.

RUTH—So my page is one of the chief reasons for your reading Movie Weekly? It's staggering to think of the responsibility I have to keep my good disposition so the dimes won't stop coming in. At this writing, the Valentinos are playing at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York, but I've no way of telling where they'll be when the magazine gets on the stands. Thomas Meighan makes his pictures at the Paramount studio in Astoria, Long Island. You reach it on the Queensboro Subway. Johnnie Walker's latest picture is "The Fourth Musketeer."

DOROTHEA—So you were "struck with" Darrel Foss? I'm sure he didn't mean to strike you. He lives at 103 Rose Ave., Venice, Cal. and would probably send you his picture on request. He was born in Oconomowoc, Wis. Mildred Harris was born in Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1901. She is divorced from Charlie Chaplin.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Harold Lloyd's Autobiography

(*Continued from page 19*)

"Let's go down and see the vaudeville show. A friend of mine is on the bill."

His friend was a genial old chap who appeared in a homely little one-act sketch which, although it was probably not of high quality, appealed greatly to my youthful appreciation. After the act O'Connor said:

"Let's go back stage."

We found his friend in the dressing room.

"Mr. Bacon," O'Connor presented me, "this is little Harold Lloyd, a protege of mine."

Frank Bacon, who was destined to become one of America's most famous actors, shook my hand. The man who was to break all records with "Lightnin'" took a great fancy to me. Bacon was finishing his season in Omaha. The three of us became fast friends, for he remained in the Nebraska city to spend some time with O'Connor, planning later to spend a vacation in the woods with him.

The Burwood season finally closed. Again I stood at the crossroads of my career, for Frank Bacon offered me a place in one of the two vaudeville acts he was then sending over the Pantages time. I might have gone with him. I might have finally arrived in New York to become a legitimate actor. I might have followed Lloyd Ingraham, who was at that time director of the Burwood Company, and afterwards affiliated with the motion picture industry, to Los Angeles.

If I had had anything to say about it, I should have chosen Bacon's offer. Nothing seemed quite so fruitful of adventure as touring the country with a vaudeville act. But my mother would not let me go. I was again in school. She wanted me to finish my course, and so I had to abandon the engagement offered me by Bacon.

I was now a youth of fourteen. I had made friends in the show business. To all appearances I was lucky, fortunate in being able to step out of obscurity, to have a chance to make something of myself as an artist. But Omaha is hardly the place from which to launch a successful stage career. Moreover, I had reached that dangerous, awkward age when my voice was changing and I was donning my first pair of long trousers, when I was no longer suited to boy parts, and yet was not manly enough in appearance to play juvenile roles. I had, of course, given up all my former efforts to make money in other ways. I devoted my time to studying, to preparing myself for a stage career when I should attain an age at which I should be a man instead of only half a man. I spent many hours in my room at home, putting on character make-up. Sometimes I would make myself up as an old man of eighty, sometimes as a crook, sometimes as a Chinaman. I learned a great deal about make-up in that way, and occasionally found work.

But no success greeted me, nor did the financial conditions in which we found ourselves, my mother, my father, my brother and I, become ameliorated as time passed.

FATE intervened to change everything for us, to shift the scenes in which we found ourselves, to give me an opportunity which later was to lead me to success.

One morning the postman brought a letter. My father opened it. A distant relative of his, a relative whom he had never known personally, died, leaving a large estate. He had bequeathed $3,000 to my father. This was a gift from the gods, manna tumbling from the skies.

$3 000 is not a large amount of money, but if you have spent all your earthly days without ever finding $3,000 within your pocket at any time, that small sum is capable of transforming you from a harassed, harried man, to one who is again eager to step forth aggressively in the arena, to combat those mysterious forces which guide his destiny.

My father had $3,000. He felt certain that I was going to make something of myself, and so he turned to me and asked me what I wanted to do.

"There isn't any use staying here," he remarked. "If we stay, we will only waste this money. I am going to let you decide, Harold. Where do you want to go? Where do you think you will find the greatest opportunity?"

The names of two places flashed into my mind. New York or California. Of course I wanted to go to New York. Who does not? To one who has always lived in Colorado or Nebraska most of his life, New York seems like some far-off, unattainable fairy port, a glittering, golden city. But I knew no one in New York. Moreover, it would cost quite a sum to transport our family from Omaha to the east coast. And even when we arrived in the metropolis, we would be alone, planless, strangers in a strange city. On the other hand, California was nearer. I was eighteen.

Hollywood had not yet become famous as the motion picture center, but already movies were being made in Southern California. And another argument in favor of the West was the fact that O'Connor had gone to San Diego to play in a stock company there. He had written to me, telling me that he had opened a dramatic school and also conducted a course in the drama in the San Diego High School.

SO I SUPPOSE I should have decided in favor of San Diego at once, but New York magnetically drew me toward it. As my father urged me to decide, I told him I honestly did not know in which direction we should go.

We argued, we discussed, we talked, and we came to no decision.

"Well, it's no use spending the rest of our lives in Omaha, talking about going somewhere else," my dad finally said. I felt at that moment as if I were holding the destiny of the world in the palm of my hand. As a matter of fact, I was on the verge of controlling my own destiny. Even then, after hours of discussion, I still could not decide.

"Come on, Harold," my father pleaded, "make up your mind."

"I can't," I confessed. "I would rather have someone else decide for me. I would just as soon toss a coin, and if we fail it won't be my fault."

To my surprise, my father agreed with my suggestion. "I am game to toss a coin," he laughed.

My eyes brightened. What a stroke! To gamble, to risk your future on the turn of a coin! What a magnificent gesture!

"Come on, let's!" I urged.

He took a nickel from his pocket.

"Heads we go to California, tails to New York!" I cried.

He paused for a moment, shook the nickel in his closed fist, and with a wide sweep of his arm, threw it high into the air.

The nickel hit the ceiling and rolled under the bed. Down on our hands and knees we crawled to read the fateful decision. There it lay.

(*To be continued next week*)

Can a Prudish Girl Be Popular?

(*Continued from page 7*)

with stories of the imaginary indiscretions of Jane and Mary. The girls all seem united in their new freedom. It's a case of 'one for all and all for one.' There's no room for the prude in any gathering, business or social, and if she should happen along and try to force her narrow views on others, she's bound to be unpopular."

"Especially with men," said Claire decidedly. "That old story about men liking the so-called regular girl for a companion, but the prudish girl for a wife, well, it's——"

"The bunk?" we supplemented hopefully.

"Yes," laughed Miss Windsor. "Men are coming to realize more and more that first and foremost, a wife should be a good pal. She should be broad-minded, helpful, interesting, modern. By modern, I don't mean that a girl should 'roll her own,' or anyone else's for that matter; wear flashy clothes and talk in a strident voice, as some of them are apt to do, but just to be natural. And being natural is not being prudish."

And right here we discovered one of the reasons for Claire Windsor's popularity, for she, herself, is natural, and a regular 100 per cent American girl.

What Qualities in a Women Lure a Man Most?

(*Continued from page 21*)

is your ideal woman like?" I asked, all in one breath.

"I don't suppose my ideal exists," he admitted. "I hold woman so high that my ideal would need to be almost a goddess. She must be motherly and devoted to her home. But I shouldn't want her to be one-sided. She must also be intelligent —read good books, keep up with the world's events, be fond of travel, fond of sports—you see, my ideal is very high, indeed."

"And what, in your opinion, is the most important quality for a woman to have?"

His eyes twinkled.

"A sense of humor, by all means. She needs a sense of humor to tolerate the men. To sum it up—I like an athletic woman, who, nevertheless, is charmingly feminine. That really is my ideal, but—to quote from my song in 'Apple Blossoms,' 'I love the girls, girls, girls——' "

That is all! Thank goodness I found someone who likes the modern girl. And let me tell you a secret. If I hadn't promised so faithfully and positively that I would not let myself be vamped—well, all I can say is I certainly would have fallen for Mr. Thomas. But you other flappers, who made no promises that must be kept, just step forward. Mr. Thomas is not married!

Love Song: To the Vamp

By MILTON SILVER

I could love the movie vamp,
Or any lady of her stamp,
If she wouldn't roll her eyes
And she'd quit those tender sighs;
If her eyes were not so pencilled
And her lips less plainly stencilled;
If her dress were not so slinky
And her eyebrows were less inky;
If she'd not wear stilts for heels
And she'd cease to "toy" with meals;
If the stockings that she wears
Didn't invite the poor male's stares;
If she didn't sleek her hair;
If her back were not so bare;
If her eyelids wouldn't flutter;
If her glance wouldn't make me stutter;
If she'd leave off all her rings;
And put on some other things,
I'd love any lady of her stamp—
But then she wouldnt be a vamp.

The Real Theda Bara—At Home

(*Continued from page 9*)

Her mother and sister and father spend most of their time with her.

Miss Bara is thoughtful, considerate and probably the kindest person we know of. She is a really brilliant conversationalist, which means also that she is a good listener. If anyone is in trouble we know of no person where one might find so quick a sympathy, so delicate an understanding as with Theda Bara.

She spends, without pathos, at least a quarter of each day doing nice little things for other people. And not always people who deserve them, and never people who can do return things for her.

She knows of the best places to go for luncheons and teas!

At Christmas time there isn't anyone she doesn't remember with some charming gift and greeting.

She reads all of the best books and all of the best magazines.

She wouldn't take a husband away from his carpet slippers any more than she would take milk away from the well-known starving babe.

Her devotion to her younger sister is one of the strongest themes in a strong-themed character. When that same sister, her only one, was ill a year or two ago, Miss Bara spent months with her abroad, nursing her back to health with tireless devotion.

This is the real Theda Bara.

Life Story of a Movie Actress

(Continued from page 25)

house liked him and it pleased my vanity when he showed a distinct preference for me.

I became very fond of him and looked forward to the day when he would ask me to marry him. In all the motion picture plays I saw, that was the inevitable ending when a good looking young man got into the habit of taking a girl to theatres and spending his Sundays in the park with her.

But one evening after we had had come in from an evening's entertainment we sat on the stairs awhile in whispered conversation, then he kissed me good-night and I went to my room.

I WAS very happy and sat for a long time before my mirror giving my hair the prescribed one hundred strokes. I could hear Fred Randall moving around in the next room, whistling softly. I wondered when he was going to ask me to marry him? How like a movie story this was—except, of course, that we weren't married. Now if we had been we would have gone to our respective rooms just as we had done, then later he would tap lightly on my door and I'd go to meet him, dressed very much as I was then, in a night-gown and negligee with my hair hanging in waves around my neck and shoulders. He would take me in his arms and kiss me. That was the place where they always cut the film in movie plays, and since I was young and inexperienced, that was the place where I felt decency demanded my cutting my dreaming.

I got up from the dressing table and as I did so, saw the handle move on the door between our rooms. I watched it fascinated. It continued to move and Fred Randall, dressed in a bath-robe, steathily came through, closing the door after him.

I drew my negligee over my night gown and wanted to scream but thought better of it and said, "I thought that door was always locked."

"It was, but I unlocked it before we went out tonight while you were waiting for me in the parlor. I have a skeleton key. And I moved the dresser on my side away from it."

As he came toward me I backed away from him, frozen with fear. He was too suggestive of the villain in the play who never meant well toward the heroine. But he came on toward me. "Don't be frightened, Rita," he whispered. "I just wanted a good-night kiss."

"But you had that before you left me tonight. Oh Fred, please go. What if Mrs. Carey should find you here? Oh please go, Fred." My panic was real.

"All right, old dear, just as soon as I get that kiss. Be a sport, Rita."

"Will you go if I kiss you once?" I pleaded.

"Surest thing," he lied. "I just wanted the thrill of going to your room this way. Regular movie stuff, 'eh?" He took me in his arms. For a minute I allowed myself to lie in his embrace while he kissed me, murmuring words of endearment. Then someone opened the door leading to the hall and Mrs. Carey stood facing us.

She came forward, a grim smile on her plain face. "So I've caught you. Just give 'em time, I've always said to myself."

"But Mrs. Carey, it isn't my fault. I didn't want him to come in. Really, I didn't."

"Looks like it," murmured the landlady. "I've been suspicious of you ever since your sister died. She knew what she was about, looking out for you the way she did. It's a pity you're not more like her."

"Don't Mrs. Carey me, young man. It's bad enough for you to be back in your rent, let alone giving my house a bad name. What's to prevent other roomers hearing you talk, same's I did?"

"But you wanted to hear. You deliberately spied on us," broke from Fred.

"That's enough from you, Mr. Randall. You can pack up and get out in the morning—both of you. The young lady has paid her board but I'll hold your trunk until you pay what you owe me. I'll teach you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Carey," I cried. "Please don't send me away. Give me another chance and I'll promise such a thing will never happen again."

"Bull. I know that old stuff. I'm not keeping a house for loose young women with pretty faces. Get out tomorrow. That's what I said and that's what I'll stick to."

Fred left at once. At the door he turned and said, "I'm sorry, Rita. I'll see you in the morning. Give me a chance to square myself."

I stayed up all night and packed, then crept out of the house before breakfast. On the stairs I met Mrs. Carey who only grunted when I told her I'd send for my things later in the day.

I walked and walked and walked in the cool January air until I was too tired to move, then dropped into a little restaurant and got breakfast. My loss of sleep, combined with the disgrace and my harried mental state, would have been enough to make me ill were it not for the cold I felt. I shivered and my teeth chattered as though I had the ague. Here I was, sick and homeless, with a dreary day facing me at the glove counter.

WITH slow, dragging steps I went toward the store. Somehow I managed to get through the morning. There were but few customers and once I leaned against the cases of gloves with my hand pressed against my head. I saw Robert Allen approaching and I assumed the on-duty pose quickly. Clerks were not supposed to behave as I was doing.

He came toward the glove counter and stopped in front of me.

"Something this morning?" I asked him, all business.

"Yes, a pair of dark gray suede gloves, size 6, please?"

I reached for a tray and put it upon the counter, then watched him while he made his selection. "How's everything?" he whispered.

"Awful!" I replied.

Later in the day he sent for me.

"I only wanted to say that you look wretched today and I'm sorry."

Immediately I was on my knees before him leaning against his broad shoulder and sobbing. "Oh, why didn't you send for me long ago?" I cried.

"Rita, Rita child, what on earth is the matter now?" he wanted to know, holding me tenderly.

(To be continued)

Theda Bara's Face Tells Why She Was a Vampire

(Continued from page 18)

appreciate humor objectively, and she is broad and tolerant in her attitude. There is a touch of curiosity in her, a touch of pugnacity, and even a dim feeling of suspicion. But her character in the main is so much under the control of two or three traits that she is not complex or contradictory, and may properly be described as born fortunate.

In all this reading of characteristics there is little to bear out the early press-agented rumors of her type and temperament. The public demands that its players shall have, to some degree, the characteristics of their roles. Comedians must be funny, and the lovers must make love—even in private life.

Well, Miss Bara's face, on superficial observation, would seem to bear out those early stories. But the public reads physiognomy quite as well as any of its practitioners. As time went on, and familiarity grew, there grew also the realization that Miss Bara was in reality a very simple, forceful woman and a good actress who wished merely to be successful and popular.

Only by the chance of arrangement of features, by certain coloring, certain predominance of eyes or mouth, has she been able to impersonate the vampire. The eyes, dark and large as they are, the lips, intense and full, lack nevertheless those subtleties of expression which would prove her the vampire of her plays. A freak, an accident, call it whatever you like, she is, in reality, a direct and wholesome character, who, in a flying glance, looks anything but that! She is about to come back again, and fans are interested to find out whether she *can* "come back."

Her face has long since been read, not by me but by her public. I doubt that they will ever pay to see her in her old roles. But she has reputation behind her, and perseverance and practicality still with her. Perhaps in a new way, in a new kind of role, she will win the public as she won it before.

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The Exciters

(*Continued from page 26*)

He bowed in the courteous manner of a foreigner and walked away.

Ermintrude, Ronnie's friend, was coming towards her and Ronnie turned to her and asked. "Who is that man? Do you know him?"

"Nobody does," Ermintrude replied, "he seems to be a man of mystery."

GENTLEMAN EDDIE, the leader of a notorious gang of thieves, was as fashionable as any millionaire. He spent all his winters in Palm Beach and Miami. He had built up a fine organization and did a business in loot of millions of dollars. His assistant, a forger, provided credentials for the women of the organization, with which they secured positions as maids in the homes of the wealthy.

Della, the maid in the Rand household, was a member of this gang. She had been there now for over two months, and during that time had learned where the jewels were kept, how many there were and what their value was.

The night which the robbery had been decided upon, at about twelve o'clock, Della left the house stealthily, and, keeping well within the shadows of the trees, crept over to the hedge which lined the fence surrounding the house.

She whistled three times.

From behind the other side of the hedge, there arose the head of a man wearing a mask and with a cap pulled way down over his face.

"Is everything O. K.?" he asked.

"Quick now, hand over the tools and climb over the hedge. Wait here until you see a light in the back window. Then come over."

Dodging from one tree to another, she returned to the house. In a few moments, a light appeared and the burglar made his way cautiously to the back window. Della was there to meet him. She led him to the library, where the safe was built in the wall.

"Anybody home?" the burglar asked.

"No, they went to town and won't be back until late."

"This job is made to order," he commented, as he removed his mask and put on his smoked glasses. He opened the bag of tools and spread them out on the floor. He lit the acetylene torch and applied it to the safe.

"We'll have this thing opened in ten minutes," he said.

Della came over and put her hand on his shoulder. She was in love with this handsome, daring burglar. Seeing that he did not object, she became somewhat bolder and leaned over, pretending to be looking at what he was doing, but in reality so that she might rest her cheek against his. He drew away from her. (Within ten minutes, the safe had been opened and the burglar stuffed his pockets with jewels.

Suddenly, they heard a loud, deafening crash. The burglar almost dropped his torch, with which he was trying to open an inner compartment. Della turned pale with fright.

"What was that?" the burglar shouted.

"It must be outside," Della answered.

The air was torn with the wild cries of "Help! help! help!" It sounded like a woman's voice. The burglar extinguished the torch, dropped it on the floor and ran out. Not far from the house, he saw, lying on the ground, all that was left of an aeroplane which had crashed into a tree. As he came closer, he heard those same cries for help. They were feeble now. Pinned under the machine was a young girl. The burglar managed to get her from out of that wreck, and carried her into the house.

"It's Ronnie!" Della exclaimed as he placed the girl on the *chaise lounge*.

"And who is Ronnie," the burglar demanded.

"She is the daughter of the house."

"Get some water, quick!" the burglar ordered.

(*Continued next week*)

Why I Don't Want Theda Bara to Return to the Screen

(*Continued from page 13*)

I do not want her to return to the screen. It is merely a matter of justice that the world shall know the real Theda Bara.

"We became friends as well as co-workers. We discussed every point of our stories together.

"I learned about women from her! She convinced me that she knew more about women than I did!

"What about Miss Bara being a vampire?" I asked.

"Well, to say that my wife hasn't physical charm and feminine lure would be ridiculous. But honestly I think that to those who know her best, these things are entirely unobtrusive, though potent. It is her brilliant mind, her warmth of feeling for those she cares for, her big sense of humor, that are her great charms. And certainly her influence is not that of a vampire. As I said before, she is one of the most inspiring people I have ever known.

"She keeps her friends. And her home life with her father and mother is the most beautiful I have ever known.

DO YOU know that when I married her, I made her make over to her parents everything she possessed in the world except her personal belongings? I wanted her to be wholly my wife, the woman I took care of. And I told her she would have to give up the luxury to which she had been accustomed. She did it all so generously, so whole-heartedly!"

"If she goes back on the screen, will Miss Bara play vampires?"

"I don't know. I know she doesn't wish to. But as I say, she has a flair for that sort of characterization. You know that often a person's form of artistic expression has absolutely nothing to do with his character. That's a thing the public cannot understand."

Does Charles Brabin think his wife a great actress?

I think he believes she could be if given a vehicle brilliant enough for the expression of her mind. But, as stage and screen are nowadays, I believe he thinks that her fullest expression will be found in writing.

Tut! Tut! King Tut!

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Haven't even had time to get a hair-cut!" he exclaims, rumpling it.

"He's saving money on hair-cuts!" cries Bert Grassby.

"He wants it long so he can tear it!" suggests June Elvidge sweetly from her queenly throne.

The assistant goes after an extra girl who is chewing gum and an extra man who has kept his vest on with his Egyptian vestments.

"Don't you know those are anachronisms?" he shouts.

"Ann Who?" demands the extra girl nonchalantly. But she sticks her gum inside the extra man's helmet, and they go on.

MR. EARLE has a large number of new effects in the way of scenery in his picture.

When you go to the studio, you expect to see massive sets, colorful drapes, all the luxury that is connected in your mind with the ancient Egyptian days of splendor. But you find nothing of the sort on the Earle sets. You see a few scattered lights, a painted "flat" in the background, a few odds and ends of furniture.

I didn't see what you will see at all when I visited the studio. In fact, the actors themselves don't see what you will see. Only when they visit the projection room at night to see the rushes will they view ancient Egypt in all its glory.

It's all like magic!

High up on a bit of scaffolding you will see a piece of glass in a frame, about three feet by five and painted in dark colors.

That's the magic glass through which you will see all Egypt!

And, for the first time in picture history, says Mr. Earle, you will see these paintings not only used as backgrounds, but as actual sets.

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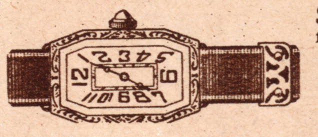

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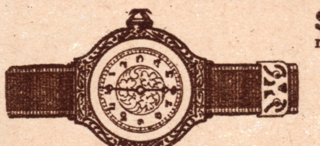

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